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THE  
*BRITISH SONGSTER:*

OR  
*POCKET COMPANION.*



PRICE ONE SHILLING.





Harding C961

1798.

LANE'S EDITION.



*British Songster.*

THE  
BRITISH SONGSTER;

OR THE  
POCKET COMPANION:

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF  
COMIC AND ENTERTAINING  
SONGS,  
DUETS, TRIOS, GLEES, &c.

WITH A NEW SELECTION OF  
TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.



LONDON:

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1793.



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- 
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THE  
BRITISH SONGSTER.

---

S O N G. ||

ARISE, BRITANNIA, SMILING RISE.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**A**RISE, Britannia, smiling rise,  
Rous'd by the martial voice of Fame;  
Her trump shall rend the echoing skies,  
With Duncan, Howe, and Vincent's name:  
Thy heroes bold, disdaining ease,  
Have crown'd thee Mistress of the Seas.

Brave landmen shall defend thy isle,  
While seamen guard thy coast;  
United then, at threats we smile,  
While British hearts we boast.

May Britain's foes, in hatred join'd,  
If e'er this land they see,  
Duncan's and Howe's, and Vincent's find,  
As well on land as sea:  
In Duncan's, Howe's, and Vincent's praise,  
Join, join, my brave boys, in loud huzzas,  
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza.

SONG.

## S O N G. ||

## THE GIPSEY HAT.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum:*

**I** SIGH for a maid, and a sweet pretty maid,  
 And bonny Susanna's her name;  
 Then well do I know, by my heart's panting so,  
 The poor little thing's in a flame:  
 For it throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats,  
                   beats,  
 Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat!  
 Oh, sure its the case! I'm in love with the face,  
 All under the gipsy hat.

That she's kind as she's fair I freely declare,  
 So none can my candour reprove;  
 But then what I rue, (and believe me 'tis true),  
 Is, hang it, for being in love!  
 For my heart throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats,  
                   beats,  
 Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat!  
 And, ah! I'm afraid, for the face of the maid,  
 All under the gipsy hat.

That I've said all my life, I'd ne'er take a wife,  
 And look'd on all plagues, that the worst!  
 I own—for my heart was then free from smart,  
 But now—Oh, I think it will burst!  
 For it throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats,  
                   beats,  
 Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat;  
 And, ah! must I tell?—For the face of the girl,  
 All under the gipsy hat.

SONG.

## S O N G. ||

'TIS ALL A JEST.

*Sung by Miss F. Howells.*

O HOW I love to play and toy,  
 With Willy, on the green;  
 Indeed he is a pretty boy,  
 As ever sure was seen:  
 He oft' in sport, beside yon tree,  
 Doth press me to his breast,  
 And tells me I his wife shall be;  
 But that is all a jest.

Last night at play he talk'd such stuff,  
 And this he said, 'tis true,  
 'Dear Polly, when I'm old enough,  
 'I vow I'll marry you!  
 He's always speaking in my praise,  
 And says he loves me best—  
 I'm sure to laugh at all he says,  
 Because 'tis all a jest.

If 'tis my fate to have the lad,  
 How very droll 'twill be;  
 I'm sure I should be very glad,  
 For we should well agree:  
 My toys I'll give to Jem and Sue,  
 If I should be so blest—  
 They say there's many words come true,  
 Though only spoke in jest.

SONG

## S O N G. ||

O FINE LONDON TOWN.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**C**OME, lads and lasses, round me throng,  
 I'll tell you where I've been;  
 And if you dona flout my song,  
 I'll tell you what I've seen:  
 I've been 'mongst shoals of good and bad,  
 Full portion of the latter;  
 Where men are oft' a little mad,  
 And women near the matter!  
 In troth I've been a silly clown  
 Who would trudge up to London town,  
 O fine London town.

Dear me, what sights I saw when there!  
 So droll they run their riggs,  
 The men have little shocks of hair,  
 The ladies curly wigs:  
 Thinks I, fegs what mun this be call'd,  
 What wonders fashion hatches,  
 When beaus ar: seen all over bald,  
 And belles all over scratches!—  
 Then, who but a silly clown,  
 Would venture up to London town?  
 O strange London town.

Our neighbour Hodge I chanc'd to meet,  
 And he would make me stop,  
 Says he, come wi' me down the street,  
 I'll shew thee such a crop:

And



And so I thought 'twas corn that grow'd,  
 But, hang him for a joker,  
 What think you was the crop he shew'd?  
 A little fat Jew broker!  
 Now, who but such a silly c'own,  
 Could thus be jeer'd in London town?  
 O sad London town.

So then I went to call on Nan,  
 Who came to town last year;  
 Thinks I, I'll catch her if I can,  
 In all her Sunday gear:  
 But soon I took me out o' doors,  
 Her hands her feet were mocking,  
 For, cas'd with worsted, on all fours,  
 She seem'd one piece of stocking:  
 Again I was a silly clown,  
 For staring thus thro' London town;  
 O rare London town.

One thing I saw that cheer'd my heart,  
 And you'll in this agree,  
 I mean the glow in every part  
 Of British Loyalty:  
 Both rich and poor, and great and small,  
 Revolt at revolution,  
 And bravely rally, one and all,  
 Round England's Constitution:  
 So I'll no more sit lazy down,  
 But volunteer, like lads in town;  
 O brave London town.

---

SONG.

## S O N G. ||

WOMAN'S ONLY WISH.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain.*

**T**HAT women are weathercocks greybeard's  
 advance,  
 Who at ev'ry light breeze, round the four quarters  
 dance;  
 To make stubborn men own themselves in the wrong,  
 May prove no easy task, but I can't stop my tongue :  
 And he who attempts it, Jew, Christian, or Turk,  
 Will find that he ne'er had a harder day's work ;  
 So don't interrupt what I'm ready to say,  
 And tis fifty to one that our sex win the day :  
 Silly men not to know when we wheedle and teaze,  
 We have only one wish—that's to do what we please !  
 'Tis this we contend for, 'tis this we implore,  
 Grant us this, only this, and we ask for no more.

The needle is not found more true to the pole,  
 Than each fair to this first and last wish of her soul :  
 With that in possession, we yield up to man  
 All right to reign o'er us, as much as he can !  
 And what husband of sense, with his poor harmless  
 wife,  
 Would for such a small privilege e'er live in strife ?  
 For my part, indeed, I can answer, for one,  
 He should find he had far better let it alone !  
 Silly men not to know, &c.

Well may the grave pates of old men bend with shame  
 Who thus, with base falsehoods, our weak sex derame :  
 But, husbands, in future regard my advice,  
 Nor leave bliss unpurchas'd, so easy the price :

I know

I know what I say—and, believe me your friend,  
 On this will your total of pleasure depend ;  
 So, what must be granted, grant with a good grace,  
 And swallow your potion without a wry face :  
 Silly men not to know, &c.

---

S O N G. ||

A SOLDIER FOR ME.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

FROM my cradle a soldier was all my delight,  
 His fash was so gay, and his gorget so bright ;  
 Then the charming red coat, and more charming  
     cockade,  
 Could ne'er be resisted by widow or maid :  
 A soldier's so noble, so gallant, and gay,  
 That a soldier will always the belle bear away.

'Twas his dress, 'twas his air, 'twas his beauty alone,  
 That won my fond heart, and first made me his own .  
 But those charms that first caught me now vanish in  
     air,  
 For his valour, and worth, and his heart he is dear :  
 A soldier's so noble, &c.

Ye fair British maids, your protectors reward,  
 Who leave softer pleasures your safety to guard,  
 No cruelty here let your heroes e'er mourn,  
 Let the sun-shine of smiles gild the soldier's return :  
 A soldier's so noble, &c.

SONG.

---

S O N G. ||

MERRY, MERRY WERE THE DAYS.

*Sung by Miss Howells, and Miss F. Howells.*

**M**ERRY, merry were the days,  
And happy were the hours,  
When Jockey ganged o'er the braes,  
To gather sweetest flowers :  
Merry, merry, were the hours,  
And merry may they be,  
For me he gather'd sweetest flowers,  
And sat him down by me :  
With a fal lal la, with a fal lal la, &c.

He sat him down by me,  
And call'd me lassy gay ;  
He plac'd me on his knee,  
And merry was the day :  
Merry, merry were the days,  
And merry may they be,  
He took his bonnet off his head,  
And sat him down by me.

Merry, merry may you be,  
With any other lad ;  
But he keeps a' his love for me,  
To make his Jenny glad :  
He is a bonny soldier bold,  
And brave as lad can be,  
And when a wea bit older,  
He will marry me.  
With a fal lal la, &c.

## S O N G ||

## THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

*Sung by Mr. Denman.*

ONE night as gay Bacchus a nymph was pursuing,

The fair-one, precipitate, fled his embrace;  
 Tho' ripe for the joys he in fancy was viewing,  
 'By Styx,' cry'd the God, 'I must give up the  
 chace:'

She look'd back disdainful, and smil'd at his reeling,  
 While her loose flowing robe by a briar was caught;  
 He quickly approach'd, and his wishes revealing,  
 Her charms were, he told her, the source of his  
 fault.

He bade her not fear, but partake of love's pleasure,  
 And, patting her cheek, swore he'd do her no wrong;  
 Avow'd himself God both of wine and of pleasure,  
 And that fate had decreed he should ever be young:  
 O'eraw'd with respect, many favours were given,  
 She at last grew inclin'd to bestow him a kiss;  
 At which he exclaim'd, 'there is pastime in heaven,  
 'But earth is the region of exquisite bliss.

He then cry'd, 'Sweet-briar, I grant, (as I've power)  
 'Thy fame shall surpass ev'ry shrub of the vale;  
 At Spring's fair return thou shalt bear a sweet flower,  
 Its odours shall perfume the swift passing gale:  
 Its bloom shall outvie the bright tints of the morning,  
 To resemble the blush which her cheek did disclose;  
 When she smiling consented, abjuring proud scorning,  
 And mortals shall prize it, and call it a Rose.

SONG.

## SONG. ||

'TIS YOU, AND YOU ONLY I LOVE.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

YOU ask me what sort of a maid I approve ?  
 Few words will explain my desire :

Her face must be fair as the mother of Love,

Like her's are the charms I admire :

With a high down, hey down, high down, a-day,

Around and around on a long summer's day,

And when one so fair and so lovely you find,

You'll certainly know the dear maid to my mind,

And believe me, dear Sally, 'tis you,

'Tis you and you only I love.

Bright beauty alone could not conquer my heart,

The maid to my mind must have more ;

More charms to enslave than beauty's keen dart,

Her wit and good sense I adore :

With a high down, &c.

Not beauty, and wit, and good sense, all combin'd,

Could fix me her servant for life :

But her temper so sweet, and manners so kind,

Are charms that I seek in a wife :

With a high down, &c.

SONG.

## S O N G. ||

COME BUY MY DAFFODILLIES.

*Sung by Mr. Denman.*

'T WAS in the blooming month of May,  
 When flow'rets sweet were blowing,  
 That fair Nannette came in my way,  
 And set my heart a glowing :  
 Across her arm a basket hung,  
 And while I gaz'd upon her,  
 'Twas thus the artless beauty sung,  
 'Tis poor Nannette, your honour :  
 I sell, kind Sir, my daffodils,  
 Come, buy my daffodillies.

Soon from the rest I cull'd out one,  
 And paid her for the flower ;  
 But little thought my heart was gone  
 To Nannette from that hour :  
 For scarce she left me, strange to tell,  
 A new sensation seiz'd me,  
 While she trudg'd on her goods to sell,  
 And thus the gipsy teaz'd me—  
 I sell, kind Sir, &c.

In vain I lur'd her to my arms,  
 And made each tempting offer,  
 Nannette would never sell her charms,  
 And scorn'd each golden proffer :  
 At length I made this nymph my bride,  
 And, now we are united,  
 I bless the day when first she cry'd,  
 And thus my ears delighted—  
 I sell, kind Sir, &c.

SONG.



## S O N G. ||

JEMMY'S THE LAD FOR ME.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

**T**O form me a maiden so soft and so fair,  
 The Loves and the Graces have join'd;  
 While the goddesses of wisdom I think had a share,  
 In reserving her charms for my mind:  
 While the gay smiles of fortune to these give a zest,  
 I'm blest my companions above;  
 And, Oh! my fond heart, I'll be doubly blest,  
 If I get but the lad that I love.

Allur'd by the powerful charms of my gold,  
 Or the powerful charms of my eyes,  
 The swains flock around, whom I love to behold,  
 While they breathe out their souls in their sighs!  
 Thus I trick'd, and coquetted, and tried every art,  
 But vainly with passion I strove,  
 To a beautiful swain I soon yielded my heart,  
 And Jemmy's the lad that I love.

Yet to teaze now a little this true-hearted swain,  
 I oftentimes take much delight;  
 To torture his feelings, and give him some pain,  
 A trick I just try'd t'other night:  
 With Harry I flaunted while he coming by,  
 Near the cottage that stands in the grove,  
 And soon I remark'd the dull sorrowful eye  
 Of Jemmy, the lad that I love.



## S O N G †

## ONE NIGHT GAY BACCHUS.

*Dedicated to the Members of the Convivial Board.*

ONE night gay Bacchus at a banquet,  
 Joyous as a God could be,  
 Pour'd forth nectar, and he drank it,  
 Nectar fill'd his heart with glee :  
 The cup went round, his Godship reel'd,  
 'Tispy we shall be,' he roar'd,  
 Momus, who mirth's keen shaft can wield,  
 Shall sit at our convivial board.

His phiz replete with signs of jesting,  
 Soon the merry wag was found,  
 Like fat Aldermen, when feasting,  
 'Mongst these gods the laugh went round ;  
 While Momus straight did jokes prepare,  
 Bacchus flowing goblets pour'd ;  
 But yet in spite dull father care,  
 Still sat at our convivial board.

Apollo came with lyre resounding,  
 Soon the touch trill'd every heart,  
 Music, mirth, and wine abounding,  
 May the churlish cur depart :  
 Determin'd on an ev'ning's sport,  
 Each produc'd his fav'rite hoard ;  
 To their example we'll resort,  
 And furnish our convivial board.

But Care return'd and 'gan to hector,  
 Bacchus seiz'd the intruding elf,  
 Momus drench'd him well with nectar,  
 Till he quite forgot himself:  
 Apollo sung, Care's nod approv'd,  
 Toasts he drank, nor once demur'd;  
 Thus taught to smile, his frown remov'd,  
 He's fit for our convivial board.

---

S O N G.

THE SCOTCH SHEPHERD.

**B**EHIND yon hill, where Stinchar flows,  
 Are moors and mosses many O;  
 The wint'ry hour the day has clos'd,  
 And I'll awa' to Nanny, O:  
 The whistling winds blows loud and shrill,  
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O,  
 I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,  
 And o'er the hill to Nanny, O.

My Nanny's charming, sweet and young,  
 Nae artful wiles to win you, O;  
 May ill befall the flatt'ring tongue,  
 That would beguile my Nanny, O:  
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 She's spotless as she's bonny, O;  
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nanny, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
 And few there be wha ken me, O ;  
 But what care I how few there be,  
 I'm welcome a' to Nanny, O :  
 My wealth is a' a penny fee,  
 And I maun guide it bonnie, O ;  
 But worldly gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thoughts are bent on Nanny, O.

Our auld gude man delights to view  
 The sheep and kine thrive bonny O ;  
 And I'n as glad wha holds his plough,  
 And has na care but Nanny, O :  
 Come weel, come woe, I care na by,  
 I'll tak what heav'n has sent me, O ;  
 Naither care on earth have I,  
 But live and love my Nanny, O.

---

A I R.

WHITHER MY LOVE.

*Sung by Sig. Storace.*

**W**HITHER, my love, ah! whither art thou  
 gone,  
 Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn ;  
 Say, by thy heart, shall falsehood e'er be known,  
 Ah! no, no, no, I judge it by my own :  
 The heart he gave with so much care  
 Which shelter'd in my breast I wear,  
 Still for its master beats alone,  
 I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.

## S O N G. †

'TIS NOT THE TINT.

'TIS not the tint of ruby hue,  
 That blushes on the full blown rose;  
 Nor pearly drops of morning dew,  
 Distilling where the lily blows:  
 Nor fragrant gales that scent the air,  
 Nor sweets exhal'd from flow'ring vale,  
 Nor all these beauties can compare,  
 With fair Maria of the Vale.

The shepherds of the plain declare,  
 They ne'er have seen so sweet a maid;  
 And whilst they view the charming fair,  
 Love doth their easy hearts invade:  
 If she but smiles each blithsome swain  
 Steps forth to breathe his am'rous tale;  
 For ev'ry shepherd strives to gain  
 The lov'd Maria of the Vale.

## S O N G. †

THRO' GROVES SEQUESTER'D.

*Sung by Madame Mara.*

THRO' groves sequester'd, dark, and still,  
 Low vales and mossy cells among,  
 In silent paths the careless rill,  
 With languid murmurs steals along:

Awhile

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,  
 And lingering leaves its native plains,  
 Then pours impetuous down the steep,  
 And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide,  
 Through silent scenes obscurely calm,  
 Nor wealth, nor strife pollute the tide,  
 Nor honor's sanguinary palm:  
 When labour tires, and pleasure palls,  
 Still let the stream untroubled be,  
 As down the steep of age it falls  
 And mingles with eternity.

## S O N G. †

CAROLINE OF LITCHFIELD.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

THE village hind with toil had done,  
 And homeward bent his way,  
 While on the wave the setting sun  
 Clos'd the departing day;  
 When Caroline of Litchfield strove,  
 All seemingly to borrow,  
 The plaintive wailings of the dove,  
 To aid awhile her sorrow.

As dews distilling on the rose,  
 In brightness oft' appear;  
 So Caroline amid her woes  
 Seem'd lovelier in a tear:

‘ Ah! me, she cry’d, life has no charm,  
 For, ’neath the drooping willow,  
 My lover sleeps in death’s cold arms,  
 Upon a moisten’d pillow.’

‘ For me he brav’d the dang’rous part,  
 And found a wat’ry tomb;  
 Can silence reign then in the heart,  
 Or gratitude be dumb?  
 Ah! no—affection’s tear shall flow,  
 Pure as the chrystal fountain,  
 Till death shall end this life of woe,  
 Which now’s beyond surmounting.’

Then sighing with a wishful look,  
 A loose to grief she gave,  
 And headlong plung’d into the brook,  
 There sunk beneath the wave:  
 The village maids the tale relate,  
 At eve and early morning,  
 How love was ript by adverse fate,  
 ‘ Ere scarcely it was dawning.

---

S O N G.

TAKE TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

**Y**E lasses gay, in beauty’s bloom,  
 All blithe and debonair,  
 Think not too boldly I presume,  
 In warning thus the fair:

When

When beauty rising to the view,  
 The men will buz, ne'er doubt it,  
 This maxim mind, when they pursue,  
 Take time to think about it.

When ev'ry flatt'ring art they try,  
 And praise your shape and air,  
 Your blooming cheeks and sparkling eyes,  
 Take heed, dear girls, beware :  
 The honey of your rosy lip,  
 They'll strive to gain, ne'er doubt it ;  
 Yet, 'ere you let them have a sip,  
 Take time and think about it.

But when the constant lover woos,  
 Endow'd with manly sense,  
 Then listen to his tender vows,  
 With trifling forms dispense :  
 He'll scorn to flatter or deceive,  
 If worthy, never doubt it ;  
 Your hand to such then freely give,  
 Nor think too long about it.

---

S O N G.\*

ROSY WINE IS THE KEY.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**R**OSY wine is the key that will open the heart,  
 And the breast will be true, will be true that it  
 mellows ;

When drunk we despise all base falsehood and art,  
 For in liquor, in liquor we're all honest fellows :

C 4

Then

Then quickly pass  
 The jingling glass,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ding dong, ding dong, till we are all mellow,  
 Let every man  
 Do all he can,  
 To be an honest fellow.

The lawyer so grave for his client will plead,  
 And with unblushing front against equity bellows,  
 The key once apply'd, owns he doubly was feed,  
 For in liquor we're all honest fellows.  
 Then quickly pass, &c.

The lover who vows for his fair-one he dies,  
 When wine, rosy wine, his bosom once mellows,  
 Will own that her gold is more bright than her eyes,  
 For in liquor we're all honest fellows.  
 Then quickly pass, &c.

Then if liquor can banish all art and deceit,  
 And the heart will be true, will be true, that it  
 mellows;  
 Let us toss off large bumpers whenever we meet,  
 For in liquor, in liquor, we're all honest fellows.  
 Then quickly pass, &c.

## S O N G.

I NEVER LOV'D ANY, DEAR MARY, BUT YOU.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

YOU say, my dear girl that I'm given to rove,  
 And sport with each lass on the green;  
 That I join in the dance and sing sonnets of love,  
 And still with the fairest I'm seen;

With



With my hey derry down, and my ho down derry,  
 Among the green meadows so blith and so merry ;  
 With black, brown, and fair I have frolick'd, tis true,  
 But I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

Tho' Phillis and Nancy are nam'd in my song,

My mind will still wander to you ;

Not to Phillis or Nancy my raptures belong,

To you and you only they're due :

With my hey derry down, and my ho down derry,

Among the green meadows so blithe and so merry ;

My songs are of pleasure and beauty, tis true,

But I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

In my eyes you may read a fond heart all your own,

But, alas ! tis the language of love ;

My feelings you'd pity, that language once known,

Then learn it, all doubts to remove :

With my hey derry down, and my ho down derry,

Among the green meadows so blithe and so merry ;

You'll ne'er find a heart more fond or more true,

For I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

## S O N G. †

WHILE ECHO REPLIES TO THE SOUND OF THE  
 HORN.

*Sung by Mr. Inledon.*

**T**HE dew lightly fell on the sweet briar thorn,  
 And shone in a clear lucid drop ;  
 The hounds were uncoupled, and fresh beam'd the  
 morn,

When saddled, I mounted old Crop :

With spirits like fire, elated with joy,  
 We sally o'er hedge, ditch, and stile,  
 To taste those sweet pleasures which never can cloy,  
 While health crowns the chace with a smile.

## C H O R U S.

Hark away, then was cry'd, as we skim'd o'er the  
 plain,  
 Where sweet echo reply'd to the found of the horn.

Now Reynard we spy'd, and redoubled our speed,  
 To shun her his art is in vain;  
 For our dogs were all staunch, and of the right breed,  
 Who nimbly flew over the plain:  
 To baffle his cunning young Towler and Sly,  
 Two mettlesome hounds of the pack,  
 Stept forward, and soon panting Reynard drew nigh,  
 Whose speed had began for to slack.  
 Hark away, then, &c.

O'ercome by their swiftnefs he yielded his breath,  
 When I and Tom Ringwood fell in,  
 While the huntsman's loud shouting proclaimed his  
 death,  
 To join in the musical din:  
 The chace being o'er we return full of glee,  
 Fresh pleasures awhile to partake;  
 And thus we enjoy our lives jovial and free,  
 Till Aurora again bids us wake.  
 Hark away, then, &c.

---

SONG.

## S O N G. †

ELLEN.

*Sung by Mr. Incedon.*

**N**EAR bow'ry Richmond, Thames's pride,  
 Dwelt Ellen when her father dy'd;  
 One snowy night he lost his way,  
 And never more beheld the day:  
 Two infant boys around her mother clung,  
 And kindred grief the heart of Ellen wrung.

Upon the earth her eyes she threw,  
 The flow'rets wild before her grew;  
 Those gifts by bounteous nature spread,  
 She gather'd to procure them bread;  
 And thro' the hollow sounding streets,  
 By few reliev'd, but jeer'd by many,  
 Her cry each morning she repeats,  
 Primroses, primroses, two bunches a penny.

Her pensive way I've seen her keep,  
 With anxious step from door to door,  
 And oft' I've turn'd aside to weep,  
 And mourn'd that fortune made me poor:  
 Ere early light adorns the sky,  
 She roves the heath and valley fenny,  
 And tow'rs proud London hastes to cry,  
 Primroses, primroses, two bunches a penny.

---

S O N G †

THE TIMID HARE.

*A favorite Hunting Song.*

**W**HEN morn, 'twixt mountain and the sky,  
On tiptoe stands, how sweet to hear  
The hounds melodious cheerful cry,  
As starts the game possess'd with fear :  
O'er brook and brake  
Our course we take,  
The sportsman knows no grief or care ;  
When sweet the horn,  
Across the lawn  
Awakes the trembling timid hare.

Who panting flies, like freed from pain,  
As trembling she resigns her breath,  
The sportsman joyous leaves the plain,  
Well pleas'd to be in at her death :  
Then sweet the horn  
Across the lawn,  
Re-echoes blith both far and near ;  
O'er meads and downs  
We know no bounds,  
While coursing of the timid hare.

Then say, what pleasure can inspire  
To that of coursing ?—Sweet employ !  
Except when homewards we retire,  
Our bottles and our friend enjoy :

The

The brook and brake  
 We then forsake,  
 For sportsmen know no grief or care;  
 Then sweet the horn  
 Across the lawn,  
 Awakes the trembling timid hare.

---

## S O N G. \*

BOB OF THE MILL.

*Sung in the Woodman.*

**M**Y heart is as honest and brave as the best,  
 My body's as sound as a roach;  
 Tho' in gay fangled garments I never was drest,  
 Nor stuck up my nob in a coach:  
 If fortune refuses to flow with my stream,  
 My sacks with her riches to fill,  
 Why surely tis fortune alone that's to blame,  
 And not honest Bob of the Mill.

My breast is as artless and blithe as my lay,  
 From my cottage content never flies;  
 She is sure to reward the fatigue of the day,  
 And I know how to value the prize:  
 Would the girl that I love then but give me her hand,  
 The world it may wag as it will;  
 I defy the first 'Squire, or Lord of the land,  
 To dishonor plain Bob of the Mill.

---

SONG.

## S O N G.

O E V E R I N M Y B O S O M L I V E.

*Sung in Osear and Malvina.*

O E V E R in my bosom live,  
 Thou source of endless treasure,  
 Since nothing else on earth can give  
 So dear, so rich a treasure:  
 True love perhaps may bring alarms,  
 Or be but loss of reason;  
 Yet still it adds to summer charms,  
 And cheers the wint'ry season.

The lustre of the great and gay,  
 Is transitory fashion;  
 Whilst pure and lasting is the ray  
 Of unaffected passion:  
 When danger threatens the peasant's cot,  
 And cruel cares assail it,  
 Affection's cares shall sooth his lot,  
 Or bid him not bewail it.

Then let us each on each rely,  
 A mutual transport borrow,  
 The slavish forms of life defy,  
 And artificial sorrow:  
 Content we'll laugh, and sport, and sing,  
 Grow livelier and jocosier;  
 While time, that fleets on envious wing,  
 Shall bind our hearts the closer.

SONG.

## S O N G.

THE GEN'ROUS HEART, WHERE FRIENDSHIP  
DWELLS.

**T**HE gen'rous heart where friendship dwells,  
Starts at a thought that would offend;  
But with a quick sensation feels  
A slight, when offer'd by a friend :  
Friendship come, my sorrows end,  
Ev'ry blessing  
Worth possessing,  
In thee is found, Oh ! soothing friend.

But Oh ! how soon the happy pair,  
Their kindred souls re-unite ;  
When friendship soothes each doubtful care,  
And dark distrust is put to flight :  
Friendship come, my sorrows end,  
Ev'ry blessing  
Worth possessing,  
In thee is found, Oh ! soothing friend.

Hence ye vain delusive pleasures,  
Fancy's prize no real gain ;  
Friendship is a mine whose treasures  
When they're found, reward our pain :  
Friendship come, my sorrows end,  
Ev'ry blessing  
Worth possessing,  
In thee is found, Oh ! soothing friend.

SONG.

## S O N G.

FOR A' THAT.

*Written by J. Burns.*

**W**HAT tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that,  
 Cleetools the r silk, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that:  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show an' a' that;  
 An honest man, tho' ne'er so poor,  
 Is chief of man for a' that.

You see yon birkie, ca'd a Lorc,  
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that,  
 Tho' hundreds backon at his nod,  
 He's but a *cuif* for a' that:  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 His dignities, an' a' that;  
 A man of independent mind  
 Can sing an' laugh at a' that.

The King can make a belted Knight,  
 A Muquis, Duke, an' a' that;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might,  
 Gude faith he manna fa' that!  
 An' a' that, an' a' that,  
 His garters, stars, and a' that,  
 The pith of sense, and wale of worth,  
 Are better far than a' that.

Then



Then let us pray the time may come,  
 An' come it will for a' that,  
 When sence and truth o'er a' the earth  
 Shall bear the gree for a' that :  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 An' come it will for a' that ;  
 An' man to man the wide world o'er,  
 Shail brother be for a' that.

---

S O N G. ||

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

*Sung by Master Welsh.*

**O**NCE friends I had, but, ah! too soon,  
 Death robb'd me of my parents dear,  
 Left me to mourn my wretched doom,  
 And wander friendless in despair :  
 Forlorn o'er hills and dales I rov'd,  
 Depriv'd of ev'ry earthly joy ;  
 At length a swain, with pity mov'd  
 Made me a humble shepherd boy.

Soon as I view the dawn of day,  
 To flow'ry plains my flocks I lead ;  
 And whilst for food my lambkins stray,  
 On some lone bank I tune my reed :

Did

Did those who bathe in seeming bliss,  
 Once taste the sweets that I enjoy,  
 They'd wish for humble happiness,  
 And envy me—the shepherd's boy.

When down the western sky the sun  
 Descends to gladden eastern climes,  
 'Tis then my daily toil is done,  
 And I to rest repair betimes:  
 In rustic garb 'tis true I'm clad,  
 Yet nothing does my peace annoy;  
 And tho' my fortune is but sad,  
 Still heaven may bless the shepherd boy.

---

S O N G. ||

NO THAT WILL NEVER DO.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

**W**HEN lovers are too daring grown,  
 Young maidens should beware,  
 For men, it is for certain known,  
 Will oft' protest and swear:  
 But virgins tho' they kneel and vow,  
 And each fond art pursue,  
 No foolish freedom should allow,  
 For that will never do.

My Damon calls me dear and dove,  
 And ev'ry thing that's kind,  
 Then vows he'll die to prove his love,  
 But this I never mind:

**Last**

Last night he fain would have a kiss,  
 Nay, even ask'd for two!  
 Dear Sir, said I, 'twould be amiss,  
 O that will never do.

To-morrow he declares he'll prove,  
 His love can't be deny'd,  
 And at the church each doubt remove,  
 By making me his bride:  
 If that's the case, what can I say?  
 I'll e'en appeal to you;  
 Would it be right to answer nay?  
 Phaw—that will never do.

---

S O N G. II

THE WAVES WERE HUSH'D, THE SKY SERENE.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**T**HE waves were hush'd, the sky serene,  
 When sailing on the main,  
 Ben from the maintop view'd the scene,  
 And sung in tender strain:  
 Dear Sal, this picture round my neck,  
 Which bears thy likeness true,  
 Shall e'er my faithful bosom deck,  
 Which throbs for only you.

Still was the night when last on shore,  
 We took a parting kiss,  
 And warm the vows each other swore,  
 To meet again in bliss:

A token then my Sally gave,  
 'Tis this which now I view,  
 And in my heart shall ever live,  
 Which throbb's for only you.

Sweet Sall wherever you may rove,  
 Ah! kindly think on me;  
 And this dear 'semblance of my love  
 Shall prove I dote on thee:  
 Wherever bound, by night or day,  
 Still as the needle true,  
 My constant heart shall never stray,  
 Which throbs for only you.

---

S O N G. ||

STREW THE RUDE CROSSES OF LIFE O'ER WITH  
 FLOWERS.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**T**HRO' life's rugged voyage each mortal must  
 fail,  
 Oft' tois'd by the billows of fortune about,  
 This hour a calm and the next one a gale,  
 Makes all of the harbour of happiness doubt:  
 Yet amidst the hard troubles that mankind must bear,  
 The gods have sent pleasure to sweeten our sou's,  
 For friendship and love may defy ev'ry care,  
 And strew the rude crosses of life o'er with flow'rs.

Each

Each man in his way must encounter rough seas,  
 And buffet with perils and tempests of pain;  
 And should fortune smile, so uncertain's the breeze,  
 That man must still doubt if its meant to remain.  
 Yet amidst, &c.

The phantom, ambition oft' leads us astray,  
 Then leaves us bewilder'd, quite lost in the dark,  
 And often to folly would leave us a prey,  
 Did reason not throw in a lumious spark:  
 Yet amidst, &c.

---

S O N G .

COT PLESS HUR.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain.*

**H**ERE I had well grown to an age  
 Allow'd young maids to marry,  
 Three youths would fain engage my hand,  
 And tried their suits to carry:  
 Young Paddy first put in his claim,  
 Then Sandy told soft tales,  
 And Taffy, look you, sung his flame,  
 And he came up from Wales,  
 Cot pless hur,  
 And he came up from Wales.

Och I'm the crature! Paddy sung,  
 Take me, I tell you, honey:  
 Hoot, hoot, cried Sandy, hold your tongue,  
 I've, lassy, got the money:

Well

Well I, says Taffy, got no pelf,  
 But hur will give, look you,  
 Hur heart and soul, besides hurself,  
 And hur will love most true, &c.

Now, when I'd well their merits scan'd,  
 To stop their further teasing,  
 I e'en to Taffy gave my hand,  
 The lad to me most pleasing :  
 And now he's got me for a wife,  
 So well we both agree,  
 That few live half so sweet a life,  
 As my dear Taff and me, &c.

---

S O N G. ||

O LET MY HARBOUR BE YOUR ARMS.

*Sung by Mr. Denman.*

**F**ROM North to South, from East to West,  
 I've plough'd the ocean wide,  
 With fearful danger oft' oppress'd,  
 By warring winds and tide ;  
 The billows roll'd, the ship was toss'd,  
 My heart was sunk, my hopes were lost :  
 But now return'd, and free from harms,  
 O let my harbour be your arms,  
 My pretty Polly.

When whizzing balls around me flew,  
 My heart would sink thro' fear ;  
 But rous'd by one blest thought of you,  
 My life became more dear :

Boldly

Boldly I fought my country's foe,  
 And laurels crown'd thy Harry's brow;  
 I dar'd all dangers, scorn'd alarms,  
 In hopes to harbour in your arms,  
 My pretty Polly.

For you I toil'd, for you I fought,  
 My thoughts were still on you;  
 The life I sav'd, the wealth I sought,  
 Had still your bliss in view:  
 With store of gold to make you gay,  
 We'll anchor safe in wedlock's bay,  
 Secure from storms and rude alarms,  
 O let my harbour be your arms,  
 My pretty Polly.

---

S O N G. ||

MY BONNY LOWLAND LADDIE.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

OF all the swains both far and near,  
 I love but one believe me;  
 And he loves one sincerely dear,  
 And never will deceive me:  
 Tho' muckle gold he canna boast,  
 I'll tell my mam and daddy,  
 Of all the swains I love him most,  
 My bonny lowland laddie:  
 My handsome braw young sailor lad,  
 My bonny lowland laddie.

When

When the war is at an end,  
 O we are to be marry'd,  
 And Cupid will our cause befriend,  
 For sure we long have tarry'd:  
 But O the time is coming round,  
 When deck'd in silken plaidy,  
 In Hymen's chains we shall be bound,  
 My bonny lowland laddie,  
 My handsome, &c.

O blessings on the happy day,  
 When we shall dwell together,  
 Our lives will sweetly pass away,  
 In ev'ry kind of weather:  
 And should the fates ordain it so,  
 We may be mam and daddy,  
 O then what raptures we shall know,  
 My bonny lowland laddie.  
 My handsome, &c.

---

S O N G. ||

WHY IS LOVE SO FAST DEFINING.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

**W**HY is love so past defining,  
 Tell me, reason? Chloe cry'd;  
 Cupid, on his bow reclining,  
 Heard the nymph and thus reply'd:  
 'Tis not reason can inform thee,  
 Learn from me—and shot adart;  
 'Does no secret passion warm thee?'  
 'Yes,' she cry'd, 'tis in my heart.'



## S O N G. ||

## THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

*Sung by Mr. Darley.*

**B**Y the side of a mountain, o'ershadow'd with  
trees,

With thick clusters of vine intermingled and wove,  
I behold my thatch'd cottage, dear mansion of ease!

The seat of contentment, of friendship and love:  
Each morn when I open the latch of my door,

My heart throbs with rapture to hear the birds sing;  
And at night when the dance in the village is o'er,  
On my pillow I strew the fresh roses of spring.

When I hide in the forest from noon's scorching ray,  
While the torrent's deep murmurs re-echoing  
round,

When the herds quit the pasture to quaff the clear  
stream,

And the flocks in the vale lie extended around,  
I muse—but my thoughts are contented and free;

I regret not the splendor of riches and pride;

The delights of retirement are dearer to me,

Than the proudest appendage to greatness allied.

I sing, and my song is the carrol of joy,

My cheek glows with health like the wild rose in  
bloom;

I dance, yet forget not, tho' blithsome and gay,

That I measure the footsteps that lead to the tomb:

I

D

Content:d

Contented to live, yet not fearful to die,  
 With a conscience unspotted I pass thro' life's  
 scenes ;  
 On the wings of delight ev'ry moment shall fly,  
 And the end of my days be resign'd and serene.

---

S O N G. ||

JACK AND HIS CHARMING FANNY.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**T**HE eldest born of lovely spring,  
 Primroses gay were blowing,  
 The feather'd choir their mattins sing,  
 And silver streams were flowing ;  
 When trowser'd Jack sprang on the beach,  
 Alert and pruce as any,  
 And eager flew the cot to reach,  
 Where dwelt his charming Fanny.

Twelve tedious moons he'd counted o'er,  
 Now lively, now down hearted,  
 Since from his much lov'd native shore,  
 And much-lov'd girl he'd parted :  
 Had felt the dire Sirocco blow,  
 Seen storms and battles many,  
 Brav'd death, who lyes the hero low,  
 But spared him for his Fanny.

He twirl'd the pin—' who's there ? ' she cry'd,  
 In accents mildly winning ;  
 By instinct threw her wheel aside,  
 And left to chance her spinning :

'Tis

'Tis I. Her lover's voice she knew,  
 'Twas sweeter far than any ;  
 Like lightning to her arms he flew,  
 And clasp'd his charming Fanny.

True love's perplex'd with hopes and fears,  
 Oft ruffled like the ocean ;  
 But, ah! its joys exceed its cares,  
 And transient's the commotion :  
 Pale absence proves of love the test,  
 And false it renders many ;  
 But time ne'er told which lov'd the best,  
 Bold Jack or his charming Fanny.

---

S O N G. ||

DEAR LITTLE COTTAGE MAIDEN.

*Sung by Master Phelps.*

FROM place to place I travers'd long,  
 Devoid of care or sorrow,  
 With lightsome heart and merry song,  
 I thought not of to-morrow :  
 But when Priscilla caught my eye,  
 With ev'ry charm array'd in :  
 I sigh'd and sung, I know not why,  
 Dear little cottage maiden.

And wou'd the charmer be but mine,  
 Sweet nymph I'd so revere thee,  
 I'd gladly share my fate with thine,  
 And evermore be near thee :

Tho' gold may please the proud and great,  
 My heart with love is laden,  
 Then let us join in wedlock's state,  
 Dear little cottage maiden.

O'er me and mine come mistress prove,  
 And then what ill can harm us;  
 Kind Hymen will each fear remove,  
 And spread each sweet to charm us:  
 Together we will live content,  
 And nought but love will trade in,  
 So sweetly shall our lives be spent,  
 Dear little cottage maiden.

---

S O N G. ||

A BUMPER, A FRIEND, AND THE GIRL OF  
 YOUR HEART.

*Sung by Mr Taylor.*

**T**O Venus and Bacchus, those spirits divine,  
 I pledge in full bumpers libations on earth,  
 For friendship and love shall e'er hallow the shrine,  
 From whence all such comforts of life owe their  
 birth:  
 Tho' care may embitter the pleasures of man,  
 'Tis wine, cheering wine, that can temper the  
 smart;  
 Then quaff it, ye mortals, and make it your plan,  
 To bumper a friend, and the girl of your heart.

Should

Should envy intrude on the raptures of love,  
 And her poison-fraught adders malignantly hiss,  
 Let constancy follow the faith of the dove,  
 And the harpies shall die thro' sincerity's kiss :  
 Then fill me a flaggon, fill, fill to the brim,  
 And let each good fellow with me bear a part,  
 For my song and my sentiments, made but for him,  
 Who drinks to a friend, and the girl of his heart.

To sorrow or discord I ne'er turn my mind,  
 What have I with the minions of trouble to do ?  
 With Venus's myrtle my brows are entwin'd,  
 And each throb of my heart e'er to friendship is  
 true :  
 While I breathe in this world let me taste such delight  
 As Bacchus and Venus can only impart ;  
 And like a true Briton I'll drink day and night,  
 To a brotherly friend, and the girl of my heart.

---

## S O N G . ||

YE TRUE BRITISH SPORTSMEN.

*Sung by Mr. Clifford.*

**Y**E true British sportsmen, who always delight,  
 In the field ev'ry morn, o'er the bottle at night,  
 Come rouse from your slumbers, and let us prepare,  
 To chase away dullness, in chasing the hare ;  
 For what can delight o'er the fields as we stray,  
 Like the sound of the horn, and the words, hark away.

Let dull stupid lovers their Philida's prize,  
 And boast of the charms that enliven their eyes;  
 While we after pass, on the footsteps of fate,  
 Despise a wide ditch, a broad fence, or a gate:  
 Singing, as we fly over, so cheerful and gay,  
 The delightful old chorus, of hark, hark away.

Our sports in pursuing when weary we are,  
 All jocund and merry we homewards repair;  
 Sit down at the table of friendship to dine,  
 And drown all our cares in a bumper of wine;  
 Sleep sound till Aurora brings on a new day,  
 Then again to the field, with a loud hark away.

---

S O N G. ||

TELL THE MAID I LOVE HER.

*Sung by Mr. Taylor.*

**Y**E guardian sylphs that round the fair,  
 On downy pinions hover,  
 O whisper soft, in Sally's ear,  
 How tenderly I love her:  
 In vain I try to hide, by art,  
 What all my looks discover,  
 Mine eyes, alas! betray my heart,  
 And tell the maid I love her.

Her bosom white as mountain snow,  
 Her breath more sweet than clover,  
 Her cheeks where blushing roses glow,  
 Conspire to make me love her

When

When first I saw the lovely maid,  
 She sweetly blush'd all over,  
 Her modest looks her heart betray'd,  
 And dearly do I love her.

And if she will but marry me,  
 I ne'er can prove a rover,  
 No charms like Sally's do I see,  
 And truly I must love her:  
 If she at church will answer yes,  
 While angels round her hover;  
 I'll seal the bargain with a kiss,  
 And to my death I'll love her.

## S O N G. ||

## THE SILVER MOON.

*Sung by Miss Milne.*

**W**HERE shall I seek the lovely swain,  
 That woo'd me on the banks of Tweed?  
 Where hear the soft and tender strain,  
 He play'd upon his oaten reed?  
 Oh! sweetly could the shepherd play,  
 The bonny boy that won me soon;  
 For Sandy stole my heart away,  
 While playing by the silver moon.

Where can he stray, ah! tell me where,  
 Return, my love, return to me;  
 Come, let us to the grot repair,  
 That overlooks the surgy sea:

And when the village train's at rest,  
 My bonny boy thy bagpipes tune;  
 For what can e'er our love molest,  
 While playing by the silver moon.

Come then, my bonny boy, with speed,  
 Or else with grief my heart will break;  
 Come let us range the banks of Tweed,  
 And join the merry dance or wake:  
 But what's the dance or wake to me,  
 The boast of ev'ry silly loon;  
 Compar'd to moments pass'd with thee,  
 While playing by the silver moon.

---

S O N G. ||

LUCY GRAY OF ALLENDALE.

*Sung by Master Phelps.*

**O**H, have you seen the blushing rose,  
 The blooming pink, or lily pale,  
 Fairer than any flow'r that blows,  
 Is Lucy Gray of Allendale.

Pensive and sad, o'er braes and burn,  
 Where oft' the nymph they us'd to hail,  
 The shepherds now are heard to mourn,  
 For Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

With her to join the rural dance,  
 Far have I stray'd o'er hill and dale,  
 Where, pleas'd, each rustic stole a glance,  
 At Lucy Gray of Allendale.

'Twas



'Twas underneath yon hawthorn shade,  
That first I told the tender tale,  
But now low lays the lovely maid,  
Sweet Lucy Gray of Allendale.

Bleak blows the wind, keen beats the rain,  
Upon my cottage in the vale;  
Long may I mourn a lonely swain,  
For Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

---

## S O N G. ||

### THE KING AND CONSTITUTION.

**H**APPY Britons, great and free,  
Defend the source of liberty;  
Ye great and good, with pious hand,  
Support your King and save this land:  
Where splendid commerce rears her head,  
And lib'ral arts their radiance spread,  
While wealth flows in with every tide,  
Let peace and harmony reside.

### CHORUS.

Let all with hearts and hands conspire,  
Sound the trumpet, strike the lyre,  
Triumphant let us loudly sing,  
Our Constitution and our King.

Peace and pleasure, joy and love,  
Thro' the vale with freedom rove,  
With smiling Ceres hand in hand,  
Diffusing blessings o'er the land:

Then what can Britons wish for more,  
 Or what have Britons to deplore,  
 Whilst truth and mercy from the throne,  
 Bids him call those joys his own.

Warm in the great and glorious cause,  
 Of our religion and our laws,  
 Ye great and good, with pious hand,  
 Support your King and save the land :  
 Let faith exalted lift her head,  
 By smiling truth and reason led ;  
 Faction disarm'd, shall hurt no more,  
 And discord quit our happy shore.

---

S O N G. ||

HYMEN'S EVENING POST.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

Great news, great news, great news, great news,  
 great news.

**G**REAT news, great news, I'm hither sent  
 'Mong mortals to declare,  
 What pass'd in Hymen's parliament,  
 Where Cupid took the chair ;  
 They made the wisest best decree,  
 You've known in all your lives,  
 Old maids shall blest with husbands be,  
 And bachelors have wives :

To

To bachelors what rare news,  
 And all your tabby host,  
 Who may the tidings glad peruse,  
 In Hymen's evening post,  
 Great news, great news,  
 In Hymen's evening post,  
 Great news, great news.

By every bachelor for life,  
 A duty must be paid;  
 Refusing now to take a wife,  
 An antiquated maid:  
 Poor soul, how great ~~must~~ be her joy,  
 Who such a lot escapes;  
 No more with pug and puss to toy,  
 And free from leading apes!  
 What wonderful surprising news,  
 For all your tabby host,  
 Who may the tidings glad peruse,  
 In Hymen's evening post,

A bachelor moreover is  
 A poor unhappy elf,  
 Who, void of all domestic bliss,  
 Lays snoring by himself:  
 He need not now, to cheer his mind,  
 In search of gossip roam,  
 For, sure as fate, he'll always find,  
 Enough of that at home:  
 For bachelors what pleasing news,  
 And all your tabby host,  
 Who may the tidings glad peruse,  
 In Hymen's evening post.

---

S O N G. ||

FAIR MARY.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

I LIVE but in thy smiles, Mary,  
But in their sphere revolve,  
Then pitying deign to look on me,  
Let mercy teach thee love :  
The gods above might envy me,  
Wert thou as kind as fair, Mary.

The sun which cheers cold Zembla's vales,  
Has not a charm so great,  
Not half so sweet the perfum'd gales,  
That tempers Afric's heat,  
As are thy smiles, blest maid, to me,  
Then be as kind as fair Mary.

I would not tempt frail fortune's wiles,  
Nor wealth nor honor seek ;  
Content to prove the virtuous smiles,  
That sport on Mary's cheek :  
Then deign, ah ! deign to pity me,  
And be as kind as fair, Mary.

SONG.

## S O N G. ||

## THE BLACKBIRD.

*Sung by Master Welsh.*

’T WAS on a bank of daisies sweet,  
 A lovely maiden sigh’d;  
 The little lambs play’d at her feet,  
 While she in sorrow cry’d,  
 ‘Where is my love, where can he stray?’  
 When thus a blackbird sung,  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay,—  
 The air with music rung.

‘Ah! mock me not, bold bird,’ she said,  
 ‘And why, pray, tarry here?’  
 ‘Dost thou bemoan some youngling fled,  
 ‘Or hast thou lost thy dear?’  
 ‘Dost thou lament his absence—say?’  
 Again the blackbird sung,  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay—  
 The air with music rung.

‘Sing on,’ she cry’d, ‘thou charming bird,  
 ‘Those dulcet notes repeat;  
 ‘No music e’er like thine was heard,  
 ‘So truly sweet, sweet, sweet:  
 ‘Oh! that my love was here to-day!’  
 Once more the blackbird sung,  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he comes this way,  
 The air with music rung.

SONG.

## S O N G. §

## COWSLIPS OF THE VALLEY.

*Sung by Mrs. Crouch.*

**A**H me! how happy once my lot,  
 No care my bosom knew,  
 At morn I left my humble cot,  
 My wants were then but few :  
 But, sad to tell, my parents dy'd,  
 And left when young poor Sally,  
 Who now to poverty allied,  
 Cries Cowslips of the Valley.  
 Sweet Cowslips of the Valley.

Then let your gen'rous heart bestow,  
 Some boon of kind relief;  
 And gratitude's bright tear shall flow,  
 For that which sooths my grief:  
 If truth its native colours wear,  
 Dejected is poor Sally,  
 That plucks and culls, with anxious care,  
 Sweet Cowslips of the Valley.

The lark's shrill morn to the morn,  
 Through heaven's etherial way,  
 The humble red-breast on the thorn,  
 That hymns at setting day :  
 No more shall charm with wonted glee,  
 The heart of hapless Sally,  
 Since doom'd to cry thro' poverty,  
 Sweet Cowslips of the Valley.

SONG.

## S O N G. §

BETSY BOBBIN.

*Sung by Mr. Blanchard.*

**I**N love be I fifth button high,  
 On velvet runs my courting;  
 Snears, buckram, twist, best broad cloth list,  
 I leave for others sporting:  
 From needles, thread, my fancy's fled,  
 My heart is set a throbbing,  
 And, no one by, I throbbing sigh,  
 For charming Betsy Bobbin.

Her lips so sweet are velveret,  
 Her eyes do well their duty,  
 Her skin's to me like dimity,  
 The pattern she's of beauty:  
 Her hand squeez'd oft' is fatten soft,  
 And sets my heart a throbbing,  
 Her cheeks—O dear, red kerseymere,  
 Lord, what a Betsy Bobbin.

Her roguish smile can well beguile,  
 Her ev'ry look bewitches;  
 Yet never stir when tack'd to her,  
 But trim will wear the breeches:  
 I've face and mien, am spruce and keen,  
 And though my heart keeps throbbing,  
 There's not, in fine, one man in nine,  
 So fit for Betsy Bobbin.

SONG.

## S O N G. §

## LITTLE KITTY.

*Sung by Mrs. Helme.*

**W**HEN golden wav'd the corn,  
 And begg'd the sickle's aid,  
 I rose at blush of morn,  
 My burnish'd hook display'd :  
 Well pleas'd the hours did pass,  
 Till Phœbus sunk to rest,  
 Then speeding to my lass,  
 Her presence made me blest :  
 I love my sweet, my charming neat,  
 My lively little Kitty :  
 To me no hawthorn's half so sweet,  
 As is the breath of Kitt̃y :  
 My merry little Kitty,  
 My cherry-cheek'd young Kitty,  
 All day I'd toil to gain a smile,  
 From lovely little Kitty.

The milk-pail for my fair,  
 I've carried oft' e're now,  
 Attended her with care,  
 While she has milk'd her cow :  
 At wakes where pastimes spring,  
 With her I spruce am seen,  
 And happy as a king,  
 She reigns my rustic queen.  
 I love, &c.



## S O N G. §

## THE MARINER.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

THE sea was smooth, the winds were low,  
 And from its source the village rill  
 Retir'd with mournful lapse and slow,  
 When poor Ben Hatchway, 'neath a hill,  
 Thus mournful sigh'd, in deep distress,  
 Alas! my wants go unrewarded,  
 For ah! no heart with meek redress,  
 Relieves the tar when disregarded.

When doom'd by unrelenting fate,  
 Alas! I left my native land,  
 What agonies did love create,  
 When blooming Mary left the strand:  
 While hov'ring o'er the vessel's side,  
 I thought my love she then rewarded,  
 But since kind fortune's me deny'd,  
 My faithful heart is disregarded.

Shipwreck'd, of all I had bereft,  
 My life escap'd a wat'ry grave;  
 Return'd, some cordial still I'd left,  
 But found that friendship was a slave  
 To avarice's greedy store;  
 For, ah! my wants went unrewarded,  
 And those this hand reliev'd, when poor,  
 By poverty's now disregarded.

But

But who shall still the raging storm,  
 That spread ill fate, alas ! on me,  
 When I unpitied and forlorn,  
 Shall sink beneath life's ruthless sea?  
 Save happier climes, when troubles o'er,  
 My wants will then be sweet rewarded,  
 When black ingratitude no more  
 Shall crush the heart now disregarded.

---

D U E T. §

ON YONDER STILE.

*Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Carey.*

**O**N yonder stile let's sit awhile,  
 To hear the nightingale ;  
 The lazy moon will get up soon,  
 And silver o'er the vale :  
 Ah! did you know the pang I feel,  
 I can no longer now conceal ;  
 The tender tale I must reveal ;  
 On yonder stile let's sit awhile,  
 To hear the nightingale ;  
 The lazy moon will get up soon,  
 And silver o'er the vale.

The golden sun his race has run,  
 The linnet seeks her nest ;  
 The shepherd's care all folded are,  
 While he plods home to rest :

Then

Then let us, William, onward move,  
 Unto the streamlet, near the grove ;  
 And while I whisper o'er my love,  
 On yonder stile let's sit awhile,  
 To hear the nightingale,  
 The lazy moon will get up soon,  
 And silver o'er the vale.

---

## S O N G. §

## THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

*Sung by Mrs. Davies.*

**W**HEN at home in our village the lads term'd  
 me smart,  
 Fond couples around us were cooing,  
 A pupil to granny, whose marble cold heart  
 Had render'd her callow to wooing :  
 She taught me to frown at a lover's advance,  
 To such height my prudery carried,  
 No partner e'er offer'd at fair, wake, or dance,  
 Lud, that wa'n't the way to get married :  
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,  
 That ne'er was the way to get married.

So I hastened to London, some kinsfolks to see,  
 And my cap at spruce cockneys was setting,  
 When again in an error was plung'd silly me,  
 I from prudery flew to coqueting :

To

To be sure I caus'd squabbles enough with the men,  
 But, alack, in my chains short they tarried,  
 I'd not one lover left tho' I once boasted ten!  
 Lud, that wa'n't the way to get married.  
 No, no, &c.

Convinc'd I was wrong, when again one appear'd,  
 And somehow my heart set a beating,  
 Poor prudery soon from its fortrefs was scar'd,  
 And coquetry quickly retreating:  
 I strove ev'ry action my swain should approve,  
 Affectation's return well I parried;  
 Endeavour was crown'd, we return'd love for love,  
 And that was the way to get married,  
 Yes, yes, &c.

---

## S O N G. †

KATTY FLANNINGAN.

*Sung by Mr. Johnstone.*

**A**T the dead of the night when by whiskey inspir'd,  
 And pretty Katty Flanningan my senses had fir'd,  
 I tap'd at her window, when thus she began,  
 O what the devil are you at, get out you naughty man.

I gave her a look, O as sly as a thief,  
 Or when hungry I'd view a fine sir-loin of beef;  
 My heart is red hot, says I, but cold is my skin,  
 So pretty mistress Flanningan, O won't you let me in?  
She

She open'd the door, I sat down by the fire,  
And soon was reliev'd from the cold, wet, and mire,  
And pleas'd her so mightily, that, 'ere it was day,  
I stole poor Katty's tender heart, and so tripp'd away.

---

S O N G. †

I'VE SAIL'D THE WORLD AROUND.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister.*

**I** HAVE sail'd round the world, view'd all nations  
and climes,

Ev'ry port of the compass have box'd ;  
Seen fair weather, heavy squalls, your best and worst  
of times,

And now and then a pretty girl have coax'd :  
But Old England for my money, and a British lass in  
tow,

Bless their hearts, why I never, never snub 'em ;  
As for this or that there enemy, where'er bred the foe,

We English hearty cocks always drub 'em :  
Then with flip, the fiddles, Poll, piping, tol de rol,  
We laugh and quaff it merrily, yo ho, yo ho.

They call us careless ninnies, well let 'em, and what  
then ?

Why the rhino we works hard for, you know :  
Not to hoard it like lubbers—but to boys like men,

With a messmate, girl, a fiddle boys, or so.  
Then Old England, &c.

SONG.

## S O N G. ‡

## THE MINIATURE.

*Sung by Master Welsh.*

**H**AST thou not seen in morning's orient eye,  
 Some azure gleam mark when the sun was nigh;  
 And as its fleeting form would steal away,  
 Found on thy memory its idea stray?  
 Alike on this fair miniature I trace,  
 The absent charms of lovely Delia's face.

Haſt thou not ſeen the evening ſtar, at night,  
 Dart through the gloom a ray of tranſient light;  
 Oſt' cheers the peaſant's ſolitary way,  
 With hopes, fond proſpect, of a chearful day?  
 Alike on this fair miniature I trace  
 'Midſt hopes and fears my Delia's lovely face.

## S O N G. ‡

## THE GREYHOUND,

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**T**HE dew lightly fell on the ſweet-briar thorn,  
 Aurora proclaim'd it was day;  
 Shrill echo repeated the ſound of the horn,  
 Which zephyr bore ſoftly away:

The

The dogs were uncoupled, the chace none did lack,  
 When Towler, a staunch mettled hound,  
 That once was the boast of the loud op'ning pack,  
 Crawl'd forth to the musical sound.

For years he unrival'd was held far and near,  
 As staunch as e'er follow'd the chace ;  
 O'er hedge, ditch, and stile, would skim light as air,  
 Till age made him slacken his pace :  
 Turn'd out of the pack, yet unwilling to yield,  
 The remains of a mettlesome hound,  
 At the huntsman's loud shout would hie to the field,  
 And yelp to the musical sound.

'Twas once when with hunting our speed 'gan to lag,  
 And sportsmen with dogs were behind,  
 That Towler like lightning flew after the stag,  
 And made him his prey, fleet as wind :  
 But now blind and feeble, of vigour bereft,  
 Scarce able to stray o'er the ground,  
 No token remaining of former strength left,  
 To follow the musical sound.

Dispensing at last to poverty's food,  
 He droop'd, with old age, lean and poor,  
 While huntsmen recount his worth once so good,  
 And many a virtue tell o'er :  
 No more the gay chace he awakes in the morn,  
 For stretching himself on the ground,  
 His ears faintly heard the echoing horn,  
 And died to the musical sound.

SONG.

## S O N G. ||

THE FAIR OF BRITAIN'S ISLE.

*Sung by Mr. Taylor.*

**F**ILL, fill the glass, to beauty charge,  
 And banish care from ev'ry breast;  
 In brisk champagne we'll quick discharge,  
 A toast shall give the wine a zest:  
 With rapt'rous love the soul delight,  
 And make e'en misery smile—  
 The nation's ornament most bright,  
 The Fair of Britain's Isle.

The boasted beauties they surpass,  
 Of France, of Italy, of Spain;  
 More nobly rank'd in virtue's class,  
 The world's applause they justly gain:  
 Circassia's dames no more shall boast  
 Their once all conqu'ring smile;  
 Thro' kingdoms this the future toast—  
 The Fair of Britain's Isle.

Then join with me, ye gen'rous youth,  
 Whose breasts with noble passion burn,  
 Plead with sincerity and truth,  
 Nor doubt you'll meet a just return:  
 Do you deserve, and they'll reward  
 With fascinating smile;  
 Then love and honor ever guard  
 The Fair of Britain's Isle.

SONG.



## S O N G.†

POOR ANCHORET.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

POOR Anchoret, a maiden fair,  
 Whose worth might virtue's self adorn,  
 Long lov'd a tar of merit rare,  
 All nobly brave, but fortune's scorn :  
 For him she heav'd the pensive sigh,  
 While sorrow mark'd, with fond regret,  
 The tear that flow'd from either eye,  
 Adown the cheek of Anchoret.

'Ah! me,' she cry'd, 'stern fate has born,  
 My true love distant far from me,  
 What fears await his wish'd return  
 Safe from the dangers of the sea:  
 Since that he's doom'd alas! to rove,  
 My cares awhile I'd fain forget,  
 But absence doth most firmly prove,  
 The love sincere of Anchoret.'

Now ev'ning clos'd the sultry day,  
 Which check'd awhile the rising sigh  
 For calm repose soft wip'd away  
 The pearly tear from off her eye;  
 Thus slumber bade meek sorrow cease,  
 And ev'ry timid fear forget,  
 'Till morn awak'd her from sweet peace,  
 And fill'd with care poor Anchoret.

I

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But

But joy at length her wishes crown'd,  
 For fate return'd her love from sea;  
 In him all constancy she found,  
 For he was ever kind and free:  
 Thus he rewarded love sincere,  
 And bade her every care forget,  
 Who meek beheld her in a tear,  
 And wip'd it from poor Anchoret.

---

S O N G . \*

HARK! ELIZA'S TUNEFUL VOICE.

*Sung by Master Phelps.*

**H**ARK! hark! Eliza's tuneful voice,  
 Gives harmony to love's soft song,  
 Hush ev'ry rude and vulgar noise,  
 Ye zephyrs softly breathe along.

See, love herself stands list'ning by,  
 While Cupids hover round,  
 Let not the tender heaving sigh,  
 Disturb the magic sound.

Tis heav'n to hear Eliza's voice,  
 When love inspires the song;  
 But ah! how must that swain rejoice,  
 Whose name her notes prolong.

SONG.

## S O N G. †

## THE BLACKBIRD'S SWEET WHISTLE.

**W**OULD you know true enjoyment, come list  
 to my lay,  
 Where health and contentment are seen;  
 View the mower that rises at dawn of the day,  
 And trips o'er the mantle of green:  
     To the lark's early song  
     See, he trudges along,  
 O'er many a briar and thistle;  
     Then all cheerful and blithe  
     As he oft' whets his scythe,  
 He'll sing to the blackbird's sweet whistle.

For say, what is riches compared to health,  
 Or greatness to sweet peace of mind?  
 The one may add pleasure, the other add wealth,  
 But no bliss in either we find.  
     Like that, when the song  
     Of the lark calls along  
 O'er many a briar and thistle;  
     The brisk mower so blithe,  
     Who does oft' whet his scythe,  
 And sings to the blackbird's sweet whistle.

How sweet does a smile from the cot of content  
 Cheer the peasant when labour is o'er,  
 Who ne'er once repines at what fortune has sent,  
 But gratefully blesses its store:

The lark's cheerful song,  
 Still calls him along,  
 O'er many a briar and thistle;  
 Then all cheerful and blithe,  
 He again whets his scythe,  
 And sings to the blackbird's sweet whistle.

---

S O N G. \*

THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

**A**H! tell me, ye swains, have you seen my Pastora?  
 O say have you met the sweet nymph on your  
 way?

Transcendent as Venus, and blithe as Aurora,  
 From Neptune's bed rising to hail the new day:  
 Forlorn do I wander, and long time have sought her,  
 The fairest, the rarest, for ever my theme;  
 A goddess in form, though a cottager's daughter,  
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

Tho' lordlings so gay, and young 'squires have sought  
 her,

To link her fair hand id the conjugal chain;  
 Devoid of ambition the cottager's daughter  
 Convinc'd them their offers and flattery were vain:  
 When first I beheld her I fondly besought her,  
 My heart did her homage, and love was my theme,  
 She vow'd to be mine, the sweet cottager's daughter,  
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream

Then why thus alone does she leave me to languish?  
 Pastora to splendor could ne'er yield her hand;  
 Ah! no, she returns to heal my sad anguish,  
 O'er her heart love and truth retain the command:  
 The wealth of Golconda could never have bought her  
 For love, truth, and constancy still is my theme,  
 Then give me, kind heaven, the cottager's daughter,  
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

---

S O N G.

O WHAT A COUNTRY.

*Sung by Mr. Munden.*

**O** WHAT a country for people to marry in,  
 Love and its comforts they never miscarry in!  
 Miss wants a husband and Master a wife,  
 Parents consent and they're happy for life:  
     If one bed wont do,  
     They put up with two;  
     The good wife loves to roam,  
     The good man stays at home;  
 At night they retire from their merry go rounds,  
 He's got a few bottles, she's lost a few pounds:  
 If such the delights such fond unions bespeak,  
     Say, who would live single a week?  
     Happy pair,  
     Say, who would live single a week.

Fortune perhaps the fond couple may smile upon,  
 Field for the fair to shew off her grand style upon;  
 A coach and six horses, a service of plate,  
 A beau for soft service, a dozen for state:

Should pocket be low,  
 To traffic they go,  
 A great rout is declar'd,  
 A rich faro prepar'd,

The guests return lighter perhaps than they went,  
 The supper discharg'd and the hosts are content:  
 If wedlock such permanent joys can display,

Pray who would live single a day?

Charming scene!

Pray who would live single a day.

Lucky in these they have other resources, too,  
 Sweet separation and tender resources too,  
 If our wife in a friend too much confidence puts,  
 We thrust a filetto frait into his guts:

They only look big,  
 By a counsellor's wig:  
 And the weapons they draw  
 Is a limb of the law:

Both parties for damage good naturedly sue,  
 And their wrongs are set right by a Nabob or Jew:  
 If husbands such recompence have in their power,

Then who would live single an hour?

Pleasant rogues!

Then who would live single an hour.

SONG,

## S O N G.

O WHEN THE FAVOR'D YOUTH.

*Sung by Sig. Storace.*

OH! when the favored youth you love,  
 In whispers tells his am'rous tale,  
 And when, his tender passion to reprove,  
 Alas! you strive to frown in vain:  
 Then think my heart, so like your own,  
 Cannot from Cupid's wiles keep free;  
 For there the tyrant has his throne,  
 And, as you sigh, Oh! pity me.

Your swain must be, dear aunt, I know,  
 Some shepherd piping in the shade,  
 I prefer Cupid as a beau,  
 With jantee air and smart cockade:  
 Oh! when the favor'd youth you love,  
 In whispers tells his am'rous pain,  
 And when, his tender passion to reprove,  
 Alas! you strive to frown in vain:  
 Tho' you affect a rural swain,  
 Yet London love's the self same pain.

Oh! when the favor'd youth you love,  
 In whisper tells his am'rous pain,  
 And when his tender passion to reprove,  
 Alas! you strive to frown in vain:

E 4.

Then

Then think my heart, so like your own,  
 Cannot from Cupid's wiles keep free,  
 For there the tyrant has his throne,  
 And, as you sigh, O pity me.

---

## S O N G. ||

LOVE, THOU STRANGE CAPRICIOUS BOY,

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**L**OVE, thou strange capricious boy,  
 Source of sorrow, source of joy,  
 Tell me why delight is flown,  
 From a bosom all your own :  
 From this heart, which owns thy sway,  
 Bid keen sorrow far away ;  
 Hope again and joy replace,  
 Love to fill thy dwelling place.

Grief o'erwhelms my constant breast,  
 Sorrow fills the seat of love ;  
 Cupid give this bosom rest,  
 Killing doubts and fears remove :  
 From this heart, &c.

If my fair-one, by a smile,  
 Sorrow of its sting beguile ;  
 Why then love so froward be,  
 Since a frown is death to me :  
 From this heart, &c.

SONG.



S O N G, ||

HOW GAILY ROLL'D THE MOMENTS ON.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

**H**OW gaily roll'd the moments on,  
When Sandy woo'd me ilka day ;  
But a' that fleeting joy is gone,  
Since war hath press'd him far away :  
In vain the shepherds pipe and sing,  
The blooming maidens dance in vain,  
'Till peaceful time shall Sandy bring,  
To mingle in the happy train :  
Tho' blithsome are the rural swains,  
Who grace the flowery banks of Tay,  
Yet none of them with a' their pains,  
Seem half so bonny, blithe, and gay.

When dress'd in plaid of tartan bra'  
With garter deck'd beneath his knee,  
So smart a lad you never saw,  
And O how neat he look'd to me !  
Whene'er he drove his sheep and kye,  
To sell them at the tryste or fair,  
Kind Sandy never fail'd to buy  
A roll of ribbons for my hair :  
But now his flocks, of late so glad,  
His lambs that wont to skip and play,  
Methinks are unco' dull and sad,  
Since war hath forc'd him far away.

Ye fair, decreed in state to shine,  
 Your wealth and pomp I value not,  
 Be lairds your choice, young Sandy's mine,  
 With him to share a lowly cot;  
 My bosom no ambition knows,  
 That vestal maids may not impart,  
 It from as pure a passion flows,  
 As ever warm'd a lover's heart :  
 Oft' musing near yon verdant birk,  
 I long to see the happy day,  
 When he shall lead me to the kirk,  
 And ne'er again gang far away.

---

S O N G.\*

OLD TOWLER.

*Sung by Mr. Incedon.*

**B**RIGHT chanticler proclaims the dawn,  
 And spangles deck'd the thorn;  
 The lowing herds now quit the lawn,  
 The lark springs from the corn:  
 Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,  
 Fleet Towler leads the cry,  
 Arise, the burthen of the song,  
 This day a stag must die :  
     With a hey ho chivey,  
     Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy ;  
 Hark forward, hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,  
     tantivy, hark forward, tantivy,  
 Arise, the burthen of their song,  
     This day a stag must die,  
     This day a stag must die,  
     This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,  
 The laugh and joke prevail;  
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,  
 The dogs snuff up the gale:  
 The upland winds they sweep along,  
 O'er fields through brakes they fly,  
 The game is rous'd, too true the song,  
 This day a stag must die.  
 With a hey ho chivey, &c.

Poor stag the dogs thy haunches gore,  
 The tears run down thy face;  
 The huntsman's pleasure is no more,  
 His joys were in the chase:  
 Alike the sportsmen of the town,  
 The virgin game in view,  
 Are full content to run them down,  
 Then they in turn pursue.  
 With a hey ho chivey, &c.

---

## S O N G.

AH! WELL-A-DAY.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister.*

AH me! I am lost and forlorn,  
 No hope can my anguish assuage;  
 For alas! long before I was born,  
 My fair-one had dy'd of old age:  
 Ah! well-a-day, well-a-day.

Why, time, should'st thou thus be uncouth?  
 Why wither her beauties divine?  
 Why rob her of every tooth,  
 Before I had cut one of mine:  
 Ah! well-a-day, well-a-day.

At night to her tomb I'll repair,  
 Bewailing she ne'er was my bride,  
 Cut a lock of her lovely grey hair,  
 If any was left when she dy'd.  
 Ah! well-a-day, well-a-day.

---

S O N G. ||

THEN SAY, MY SWEET GIRL, CAN YOU LOVE ME.

*Sung by Mr. Darley.*

**D**EAR Nancy I've sail'd the world all around,  
 And seven long years been a rover,  
 To make for my charmer each shilling a pound,  
 But now my hard perils are over:  
 I've sav'd from my toils many hundreds in gold,  
 The comforts of life to beget,  
 Have borne in each climate the heat and the cold,  
 And all for my pretty Brunette:  
 Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me.

Tho' others may boast of more riches than mine,  
 And rate my attractions e'en fewer,  
 At their jeers and ill nature I'll scorn to repine,  
 Can they boast of a heart that is truer?

Or will they for thee plough the hazardous main,  
 In the seasons both stormy and wet ?  
 If not, why I'll do it again and again,  
 And all for my pretty Brunette,  
 Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me.

When order'd afar in pursuit of the foe,  
 I sigh at the bodings of fancy,  
 Which fain would persuade me I might be laid low,  
 And ah! never more see my Nancy :  
 But hope, like an angel, soon banish'd the thought,  
 And bade me such nonsense forget ;  
 I took the advice and undauntedly fought,  
 And all for my pretty Brunette,  
 Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me.

---

S O N G . \*

THE BRUSH.

*Sung by Mr. Collins.*

**W**HILE warbling Italians decoy the gay throng,  
 With their lullaby sounds, without sense for  
 a plea,  
 And charm British ears with outlandish song,  
 Combin'd with the magic of twedledum dee :  
 And the dear diletante, in taste never scanty,  
 On foreigners lavish their favors so flush ;  
 Let a native to-night your good-humour excite,  
 And the canker of care sweep away with his brush.

And

And while handling the brush, like an artist, for bread,  
 Let me cut my poor loaf without stooping to flatter ;  
 As no sordid tints on my canvas are spread,  
 And alike I disdain to bedaub or bespatter :  
 Yet deformity's tribe if we fairly describe,  
 Proportion and grace can have no cause to blush,  
 And the sons of true merit no grudge can inherit,  
 To see rank impostor expos'd to the brush.

The vot'ries of Thespis, whose senses are thrill'd,  
 By Melpomene's woes, or the joys of Thalia;  
 Who by start, strut, and stare, are amaz'd or appal'd,  
 And look up to the stage as the Lactea Via :  
 Tho' eager to stray in that sweet milky way,  
 Their panting impatience may end in a blush;  
 If their eyes are but clear to see how things appear,  
 In their true native light, by the help of a brush.

Katerfelto you know puff'd away with big sounds,  
 About wonderful wonders for folks to review ;  
 And Astley and Hughes, with their merry go rounds,  
 Hath shewn us what children o'cock horse can do :  
 Doctor Graham likewise took the town by surprise  
 When he shamefully put men and maids to the  
 blush—  
 But let prostitute slaves entertain fools and knaves,  
 And decency still be the pride of the brush.

We well know that taste is despotic in sway,  
 And that new's paper guides rules the minds of the  
 million ;  
 Yet, if I keep my seat, tis no matter what way,  
 Let them take the saddle and I'll mount the pilion :  
 For

For but vainly we strive when the devil will drive,  
 And, needs must, is the maxim, our murmurs to  
 hush;

Yet I hope the cleft hoof will for once keep aloof,  
 And no ill natur'd devil run down my poor brush.

You have all read the story of poor little sweep,  
 How one day he was found laid out dead in the  
 snow,

Knowing no honest means how from starving to keep  
 His brush he had lost and his living also :

Now put me in his place, and the very same case  
 Must be mine, if my labors the critic should crush;  
 Then for charity spare, lest his fate I should share,  
 For, like poor little sweep, I've no bread but my  
 brush.

---

S O N G. ||

THE YOUNG IRISH CAPTAIN.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

THREE lovers I boast who are handsome and  
 smart,  
 And each in his turn has laid siege to my heart,  
 But when I give up to so bold a request,  
 It must be to him my fancy likes best :  
 Now one is a fop that dotes on himself,  
 And t'other, tho' pleasing, is fond of his pelf,  
 But he that's most loving, courageous, and free,  
 Is the young Irish Captain, the husband for me :

With

With his rub a dub, row de dow, row de dow, rub  
dub,  
Row de dow, row de dow, row de dow, row de dow,  
Rub a dub, row de dow, O the dear creature.

My mother, now mind, intercedes for the fop,  
And my father for money at nothing will stop;  
So one is for this and the other for that,  
But neither the soldier will dare to look at:  
And this is the reason, his fortune is small,  
Or indeed, to speak plainer, he has none at all;  
But so sweetly he pleads, and so loving is he,  
'That the young Irish Captain's the husband for me.  
With his rub a dub, &c.

When he whisper'd, dear lad, t'other day in my ear,  
Let us haste to the church and get married, my dear,  
Oh! he look'd in my face, and he so press'd my hand,  
That I could not his tender entreaties withstand,  
For the bold son of Mars so acted his part,  
That he forc'd me, I own, to surrender my heart;  
So now where he marches I'm likely to be,  
For the young Irish Captain's the husband for me,  
With his row de dow, &c.

---

## S O N G.

### A BALM FOR THE BITTERS OF LIFE.

**L**ET muckworms exist on their treasure,  
We'll leave them in secret to pine,  
I'll tell you the source of true pleasure,  
'Tis women, dear women, and wine:



My conduct is censur'd for certain,  
 Well knowing that life's but a farce,  
 Contented 'till fate drops the curtain,  
 I'll chearfully take t'other glass.

## C H O R U S.

What matters then sighing or pining,  
 For future deeds, present, or past,  
 Here's a cordial will keep you from whining,  
 And makes us all easy at last.

Those monarchs who fight for ambition,  
 Who ministers often beguile,  
 I pity their sov'reign condition,  
 And laugh, while they only dare smile :  
 Let them conquer and desolate nations,  
 To rise in the annals of fame ;  
 While Bacchus's bumper libations  
 My unfading laurels proclaim.  
 What matters then, &c.

Come here my example to follow,  
 No further you need ever seek ;  
 At tipling I am an apt scholar,  
 My precepts are gather'd from Greek :  
 From Anacreon I borrow my lesson,  
 Subduing whole legions of strife,  
 By heavens, my lads, 'tis a blessing,  
 And a balm for the bitters of life.  
 What matters then, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

I AM THE BOY IN A BATTLE.

*Sung by R. Palmer.*

**H**AST e'er seen a hen on hot griddle?  
Has Jack Lantern e'er play'd tricks with thee?  
Did'st e'er see a cat and a fiddle?

Then judge in a battle of me :  
For I am the boy in a battle,  
That ne'er yet one moment stood still,  
Whilst shrill trumpets blow, or drums rattle,  
Its in quick running I shew my skill:  
For when whizzing by come the bullets,  
And soldiers lie down and are dead,  
And broad swords have slit up their gullets,  
It's high time time to take care of my head.

C H O R U S.

Yet still I am the boy in the battle,  
Am missing when danger is nigh,  
At running I beat all their cattle,  
And my pay to receive I can fly.

Shot off were my arms in the battle,  
(Tho' it certainly makes you more light)  
You'll find yourself in such a flurry,  
That no hand you can have in the fight :

Blown

Blown off were your legs from their stations,  
 (In dread war's dire chance sure their might)  
 Not all the great wisdom of nations  
 On a footing can put you fight:  
 To lose a man's head in a battle,  
 Out of countenance puts him quite,  
 Hears neither fife's squeak, nor drums rattle,  
 His nose he can't shew in the fight.  
 Therefore I'm the boy, &c.

A fool's advice take in a battle,  
 And your heels use when danger's at hand,  
 Or when arrows fly and drums rattle,  
 You may then have no heels on stand:  
 And then you'll lie down in the battle,  
 Your enemies laugh at the joke,  
 Depriv'd of the pleasure to prattle,  
 And quite lost in a torrent of smoke:  
 Then glory comes in with her laurel,  
 And shadows your poor bleeding head,  
 Tho' life you have lost in the quarrel,  
 You're fame will live after you're dead.

## C H O R U S.

Then what should I do in a battle,  
 Nay 'twere best dwell in safety like thee;  
 Nor wait 'till fate's trump sounds her rattle,  
 No such grinning honor for me.

SONG.

## S O N G.

THE THRIFTY WIFE. ||

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**I** AM a cheerful fellow, altho' a married man,  
 And in this age of folly pursue a saving plan;  
 Tho' wives are thought expensive, yet who can live  
 alone?

Then since they are dear creatures, tis best to have  
 but one:

My choice discovers truly my prudence and my taste,  
 I've a very little wife, with a very little waste.

Marriage is a draught we take for better or for worse,  
 And wife is he who can prevent the drafts upon his  
 purse;

But evils are much lessen'd when wives are well in-  
 clin'd,

For tho' they come across us, we shape them to our  
 mind:

If matters are well manag'd no need to be strait lac'd  
 You may with little danger increase the little waist.

Tho' spousy's so discreet still each fashion she'll dis-  
 play,

Her bosom, heaven blefs her, is as open as the day!

Her garment (may I venture a new similitude to beg)

Hangs loosely from her shoulder, like a gown upon a  
 peg,

Yet, fearful of expences, she shortens it tho' small,

And if she goes on shortening there'll be no waste at  
 all.

## S O N G.

THE TRUE HONEST HEART. ||

*Sung by Mr. Taylor.*

**I**N this chaos of new-fangled modes that we live,  
 My sentiments boldly and bravely I'll give,  
 I'll do unto mortals of ev'ry degree,  
 As I wish unto other's their conduct should be :  
 The best of all maxims I think, for my part,  
 Is my grandmother's mode—a true honest heart.

My neighbour I love as myself, I protest,  
 If the same sort of friendship I find in his breast ;  
 I rev'rence the laws, and our sov'reign respect,  
 He ne'er aims to subvert what he's bound to protect :  
 May heaven protect him, and fight on his part,  
 For I firmly believe he's a true honest heart.

Now fill up your glasses, let each quit his seat,  
 Let your brows be uncover'd, stand firm on your feet,  
 Take your glasses in hand, place them right to your  
 lip,  
 On pain of a bumper, let none dare to sip,  
 My sentiments known then, you all may depart,  
 May distress never find out the true honest heart.

SONG,

## S O N G.

IN DEFENCE OF HER SEX.<sup>9</sup>*Sung by Mrs. Leaver.*

**I**N defence of her sex sure a woman may speak,  
 Pray what is it now that you men would be at ?  
 Do you think that we mind each occasion you seek  
 To laugh at our dress, little waists, and all that :  
 No, don't Sirs, believe it, such nonsense must fall,  
 Convinc'd, when we look but one moment about  
 us,

That whether we've waist, or no waist at all,  
 You can't for the life of you men do without us.

'Tis silly to sport with our fancies and dress,  
 As we can subdue you whenever we please ;  
 For since we've the power you all must confess,  
 To make you ask pardon for that on your knees :  
 Then prithee, dear Sirs, leave our short waists alone,  
 'Tis the whim of the day, and we'll have it, don't  
 doubt us,

So give o'er your jesting, and candidly own,  
 You can't for the life of you men do without us.

That women have tongues I believe you well know,  
 But pray do not force us to put them in use ;  
 For sure if you give them but freedom to go,  
 You'll find it a hard thing to stop their abuse :  
 Besides, look at home, on the dress of yourselves,  
 With your Spencers and pantaloons flocking about  
 us ;

But I tell you again, O, ye confident elves,  
 You can't for the life of you men do without us.

## S O N G.

LUBIN OF THE HILL.

*Sung by Miss Milne.*

**W** HERE Lowestoff waves its yellow corn,  
 Young Lubin does reside,  
 Of lowly state and humble born,  
 Devoid of fame or pride :  
 The shepherd's bosom free from guile,  
 Knows nought of art or ill,  
 Yet who can love and sweetly smile,  
 Like Lubin of the Hill.

Tho' riches scorn to deck his cot,  
 Content around him dwells ;  
 And tho' but few the sheep he's got,  
 His fleece all flocks excells :  
 Rear'd by his care, they frisk and play,  
 And rove about at will,  
 Like when I gave my heart away,  
 To Lubin of the Hill.

But Hymen soon shall join our hands .  
 Young Lubin has confess'd,  
 And sure when love cements the bands,  
 We must be truly blest :  
 My hand and heart has long been thine,  
 And shall, my shepherd, still ;  
 For who that's marry'd can repine  
 With Lubin of the Hill.

## S O N G.

● LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE. ||

*Sung by Mr. Welsh.*

O LISTEN, listen, to the voice of love,  
 It calls my Daphne to the grove,  
 The primrose sweet bedecks the field,  
 The tuneful birds invite to rove :  
 To softer joys let splendor yield,  
 O listen, listen, to the voice of love.

Where flow'rs their blooming sweets exhale,  
 My Daphne fondly let us stray,  
 Where whisp'ring love breathes forth his tale,  
 And shepherds sing their artless lay ;  
 O listen, listen to the voice of love,  
 He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come, share with me the sweets of spring,  
 And leave the town's tumultuous noise ;  
 The happy swains all cheerful sing,  
 And echo still repeats their joys :  
 Then listen, listen to the voice of love,  
 He calls my Daphne to the grove.



S O N G. ||

A DANCE ROUND THE MAY-POLE.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain.*

**A** DANCE round the may-pole my bosom delights  
When the merry notes of the minstrel call,  
When the season is gay, and the ev'ning invites,  
O the joys, the delights, my fond bosom enthrall :  
Then high-born maids look down with scorn,  
I envy not your giddy round,  
While jewèls bright your heads adorn,  
Content within our hearts is found.

---

S O N G. \*

BOB OF THE MILL.

*Sung in the Woodman.*

**M**Y heart is as honest and brave as the best,  
My body's as sound as a roach ;  
Tho' in gay spangled garments I never was drest,  
Nor stuck up my nob in a coach :  
If fortune refuses to flow with my stream,  
My sacks with her riches to fill,  
Why surely 'tis fortune alone that's to blame,  
And not honest Bob of the Mill.

My breast is as artless and blithe as my lay,  
 From my cottage content never flies ;  
 She is sure to reward the fatigue of the day,  
 And I know how to value the prize :  
 Would the girl that I love then but give me her hand,  
 The world it may wag as it will,  
 I defy the first 'squire, or lord of the land,  
 To dishonor plain Bob of the Mill.

---

## S O N G . \*

I'LL THINK ON THEE, MY LOVE.

**I**N storms, when clouds obscure the sky,  
 And thunders roll, and lightnings fly ;  
 Amidst these dread and dire alarms,  
 I think, my Sally, on thy charms :  
     The troubled main,  
     The wind and rain,  
 My ardent passion prove ;  
     Lash'd to the helm,  
     Should seas o'erwhelm,  
 I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on every side,  
 And art is vain the ship to guide,  
 In varied shapes when death appears,  
 The thought of thee my bosom cheers :  
     The troubled main,  
     The wind and rain,  
 My ardent passion prove ;  
     Lash'd to the helm,  
     Should seas o'erwhelm  
 I'll think on thee, my love.

But should the gracious powr's prove kind,  
 Dispel the rocks, and still the wind,  
 And waft me to thy arms once more,  
 Safe to my long lost native shore :

No more the main  
 I'd tempt again,  
 But tender joys improve;  
 I then with thee  
 Should happy be,  
 And think on nought but love.

## S O N G.

## THE STREAMLET.

*Sung in the Woodman.*

THE streamlet that flow'd round her cot,  
 All the charms of my Emily knew;  
 How oft' has its course been forgót,  
 While it paus'd her dear image to woo.


Believe me, the fond silver tide,  
 Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize,  
 For silently swelling with pride,  
 It reflected her back to the skies.

S O N G. \*

WHITHER, MY LOVE.

*Sung in the Haunted Tower.*

WHITHER, my love, ah! whither art thou  
gone,  
Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn,  
Say, by thy heart, shall falsehood e'er be known,  
Ah! no, no, no, I judge it by my own:  
The heart he gave, with so much care,  
Still shelter'd in my breast I wear,  
Yet for its master beats alone,  
I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.



---

S O N G. †

THE TRUE BRITON.

*Sung by Mr. Incedon.*

WHEN our enemies rise and defiance proclaim,  
Undaunted to battle we fly;  
Forget the soft ties that enervate the frame,  
And sigh till we conquer or die:  
Our sweethearts we leave, nay our children and wives  
And brave all the danger of wars,  
We fight that the rest may live peaceable lives,  
And stand till the last in their cause.

In

In the heat of the battle, when loud cannons rear,  
 And the wounded our vengeance excite,  
 We muster our men more enrag'd than before,  
 And with double the fury we fight :  
 When the tumult is o'er, and th' unfortunate slain  
 Are decently laid in the ground,  
 To our friends and our homes we return once again,  
 With honor and victory crown'd.

---

S O N G †

WILLIAM AND ANN.

*Sung by Master Welsh.*

**U**NCHEERING was the fatal morn,  
 The clouds assum'd a sable hue,  
 When William bent his steps, foinern,  
 To bid his lovely Ann adieu :  
 With anxious cares and grief oppress'd,  
 With anguish rankling in his heart,  
 He clasp'd the fair-one to his breast,  
 And fondly cry'd, we soon must part.

To raging hostile seas I go,  
 Where Galia's sons dispute our fame,  
 To hurl destruction on the foe,  
 And vindicate the British name :  
 Then check, my love, the bursting tear,  
 Let reason's force thy grief controul ;  
 My own affliction I can bear,  
 But thine distress me to the soul.

Tho' boist'rous winds around me blow,  
 Tho' angry billows round me swell,  
 For thee my constant breast shall glow,  
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell:  
 Thus spoke the youth, and sigh'd adieu,  
 Then fought the gallant vessel's side,  
 Dark fate her keenest arrow drew,  
 And William bravely fought—and dy'd.

---

## S O N G.\*

IN THE LOW WINDING VALE.

*Sung by Mr. Sedgwick.*

**I**N the low winding vale that refresh'd by the  
 stream,  
 Where the convent of Nicholas stood,  
 The vineyard invites the sun's ripening beam,  
 And, believe me, the produce is good:  
     How the monks in their day,  
     Must have swigg'd it away,  
 O they'd not let a cluster escape;  
     'Till their cheeks, I suppose,  
     In an afternoon's doze,  
 Were as purple and plump as the grape.

The mouldering walls are conceal'd by the fruit,  
 And the liquor you'll say is divine,  
 Tho' the clay of the fathers still clings to the root,  
 Our cups overflow with the wine:

How the monks in their day,  
 Must have swigg'd it away,  
 O they'd not let a cluster escape;  
 'Till their cheeks, I suppose  
 In an afternoon's doze,  
 Were as purple and plump as the grape.

---

## S O N G.\*

WHEN FIRST I SAW THE GRACEFUL MOVE.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum:*

WHEN first I saw the graceful move,  
 Ah! me what meant my throbbing breast?  
 Say, soft confusion, art thou love?  
 If love thou art—then farewell rest.

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,  
 Tho' hopeless of a warm return,  
 Yet kill me not with cold despair,  
 But let me live and let me burn.

With gentle smiles allwage the pain,  
 Those gentle smiles did first create;  
 And tho' you cannot love again,  
 In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

S O N G.

THRO' FORESTS DEAR:

*Sung by Master Welsh.*

**T**HRO' forests dear I once did stray,  
Where ev'ry songster us'd to say,  
'O loiter here, 'tis nature's spring,  
'Thy carrol sweet dear minstrel sing.'  
  
'Sweet birds, I cry'd, could I, like you,  
'Ascend the face of heav'n to view,  
'Like you I'd welcome nature's spring,  
'My carrol sweet for ever sing.'

---

S O N G. †

O DEARLY I LOVE SOMEBODY.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain.*

**O**F all the swains both far and near,  
Or e'er my eyes did see,  
I love but one sincerely dear,  
And truly he loves me:  
The youth is ever where I am,  
And does so sweetly woo,  
O dearly I love somebody,  
Love somebody, love somebody,  
I do indeed love somebody,  
But cannot, but cannot,  
But cannot, won't tell who,



If e'er some story I devise,  
 To talk of love a bit,  
 My father, gently chiding, cries,  
 'Tis time enough as yet:  
 But my dear lad does not say so,  
 So kind is he and true;  
 O dearly I love somebody, &c.

The ring is bought, and better still,  
 (Its true upon my life)  
 The priest will make us, O he will,  
 Next Sunday man and wife;  
 'Tis then I shall be made a bride,  
 In truth I wish it too,  
 For dearly I love somebody, &c.

---

S O N G.

HE'S FAR AWAY.

*Sung in the Smugglers.*

**H**AD my love ever travell'd the distance from  
 me,  
 What proof of his truth could be clearer?  
 My heart would be dancing with transport and glee,  
 In my bosom as light as a feather:  
 But he's far away,  
 For many a day,  
 And left me his absence to mourn;  
 Yet his vows were so true,  
 When he bade me adieu,  
 That I fondly will hope his return;

When he comes—at the thought I should dance all  
the day,

For truth no disguise ought to know ;

When he comes—twill my constancy more than repay

And my joys will in his overflow :

But he's far away,

For many a day,

And left me his absence to mourn ;

Yet his vows were so true,

When he bade me adieu,

That I fondly will hope his return.

# S O N G.

EV'RY MAN IN HIS STATION.

*Sung by Mr. Suett.*

**M**Y fathers before me, I've heard the folks say,  
Pursu'd this vile calling for many a day ;  
Some twist in their nature has surely descended,  
Or long before this time their son must have mended:

For every man in his station,

From father to son,

The profession has run ;

We catch what we can,

Yes, that is our plan,

'Tis a duty to labour in our vocation.

Few of the shingles I fear have been good,  
All rogues from the conquest, perhaps from the flood,  
If my ancestors then on all conscience would trample,  
'Tis true filial love to pursue their example :

For every man in his station, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

IN TATTER'D WEED.'

*Sung by Master Welsh.*

**I**N tatter'd weed, from town to town,  
Is hapless Primrose doom'd to stray,  
Compell'd, a wretched wand'rer known,  
To seek a home from day to day :  
Barefoot as she strolls forlorn,  
O'er the flint or pointed thorn,  
Silent must her sorrows be,  
Her madrigal—sweet charity.

At ev'ning will the village hind,  
In rapture listen to her song ;  
And buy her toys in hopes to find  
What future joys to him belong :  
Barefoot as she strolls along, &c.

---

S O N G.

IF ROUND THE WORLD.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister.*

**I**F round the world poor sailors roam,  
And bravely do their duty,  
When danger's past they find their home,  
With each his fav'rite beauty.

For

For Nan, and Sue, and Moll, and Bess,  
 And fifty more delight them,  
 And when the honied lip they press,  
 Who says it don't requite them.

If rich he comes, what pleasure then,  
 If Nancy do not share it?  
 If poor, he scorns then to complain,  
 For Nancy too will bear it.

What lubber then like him so gay,  
 His grog drowns all his sorrow,  
 For, damme, if tis foul to-day,  
 'Tis sure to right to-morrow.

He springs on shore assur'd to meet  
 The partner lov'd most dearly,  
 In merry dance, with nimble feet,  
 To pipe and tabor cheerly.

---

S O N G.

THE VILLAGE-MAID.

*Sung by Miss De Camp.*

**T**HE village maid, with ruddy charms,  
 Some peasant lad admires,  
 Knows not a fear but those alarms,  
 His rustic heart inspires;  
 At ev'ning homeward as she hies,  
 By woodland side, or fountain,  
 She listens to, with sweet surprize,  
 His pipe upon the mountain.

More

More lovely far when morning's breath,  
 Improves her roseate hue;  
 And meets her on the broomy heath,  
 As sweet and playful too:  
 Returning home at fall of night,  
 By woodland side, or fountain,  
 She listens to, with new delight,  
 His pipe upon the mountain.

---

## S O N G.

HAST THOU FORGOT.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**H**AST thou forgot the oak that throws  
 Its rev'rend arm across the tide,  
 Which o'er the root in silence flows,  
 From noon's broad beam its course to hide?  
 My Stella there was us'd to stray,  
 When no obtrusive foot was nigh,  
 At peep of dawn or setting day,  
 To share the oft' repeated sigh.

There first I mark'd the damask rose,  
 Suffusing deep her glowing cheek;  
 There would the heavenly eye disclose  
 More than the falt'ring tongue could speak:  
 Till love had taught her timid heart,  
 No more its feelings to deny,  
 Then tear for tear would duly start  
 And sigh re-echo back to sigh.

## S O N G.

## THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

*Sung by Mr. Inledon.*

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale,  
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,  
 And scudding under easy sail,  
 The high blue western land appear'd,  
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
 By the deep nine.

And bearing up to gain the port,  
 Some well known object kept in view,  
 An abbey-tow'r, an harbour-fort,  
 Or beacon to the vessel true:  
 While oft' the lead the seaman flung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
 By the mark seven.

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,  
 With transport we behold the roof,  
 Where dwells a friend or partner dear,  
 Of faith and love a matchless proof;  
 The lead once more the seaman flung,  
 And to the watchful pilot sung,  
 Quarter less five.

Now

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh,  
 We take in sail, she feels the tide;  
 'Stand clear the cable,' is the cry,  
 'The anchor's gone,' we safely ride;  
 The watch is set, and thro' the night,  
 We hear the seaman with delight,  
 Proclaim, 'all's well.'

---

S O N G.\*

THE WAND'RING ARABS.

*Sung in Mahmud.*

WE who wand'ring Arabs are,  
 Fly from sorrow, laugh at care,  
 Let the notes of love resound,  
 And the ruby cup go round:  
 While the gale its fragrance brings,  
 And the summer flow'ret springs.

C H O R U S.

We, who wand'ring Arabs are,  
 Fly from sorrow, laugh at care.

Who can tell to-morrow's doom?  
 If the rose of life shall bloom?  
 Or, beneath the blighting shade,  
 Droop untimely, pine, and fade;  
 We, who wand'ring Arabs are,  
 Fly from sorrow, laugh at care.  
 We, who, &c.

SONG.

S O N G . \*

OH ! HAPLESS YOUTH.

*Sung by Miss Miller.*

OH ! hapless youth, to grandeur born,  
To share its dangers, feel its woes,  
Descend, in deserts thus forlorn,  
The fleeting charm that grandeur knows.

How blest to be a shepherd born,  
To taste the sweets content bestows ;  
Nor, anxious, fear a lurking thorn,  
Where nature spreads the tempting rose.

---

S O N G . \*

AND NONE OUR STEPS ESPY.

*Sung by Mrs. Bland.*

WHEN jealous misers starve in wealth,  
And bar th' unfriendly door,  
With secret step and nightly stealth,  
We free their useless store :  
Then nimbly cross the mountain's brow,  
Some fortune new to try,  
While sleep enfolds the vale below,  
And none our steps espy.



The rich may steal with bolder face,  
 And where they rob may stay;  
 With modest fear our thefts we grace,  
 And shun the face of day:  
 When morn peeps in her twilight grey,  
 And lights up half the sky.  
 O'er dew drops swift we hie away,  
 And none one our steps espy.

---

## S O N G. \*

WHEN SLEEP HAS CLOS'D.

*Sung in Mahmud.*

**W**HEN sleep has clos'd the trav'ler's eyes,  
 By long fatigue oppress'd,  
 While slumbering soft, serene he lies,  
 And sinks in downy rest;  
 By the glimpses of the moon  
 Springs the Arab on his prey;  
 Or beneath the scorching noon,  
 Bears the loaded wealth away.

But tho' in hours of sweet repose  
 His spoil the rover seek,  
 Yet oft' concern for human woes  
 Impearls his glowing cheek:  
 When the captive fair-one pleads,  
 Beauty, born to be ador'd,  
 While resistance round him bleeds,  
 Beauty triumphs o'er his sword.

SONG.

## D U E T.

## THE WAVES RETREATING.

*Sung by Miss Leake and Master Welsh.*

THE waves retreating from the shore,  
 In murmurs quits the printless sand,  
 O'er the green rock the surges pour,  
 The white foam lingers on the strand :  
 We'll search the stores the waters leave,  
 Whether of sea-weed or of shell,  
 'Till sinking in the western wave,  
 The sun's last ray shall bid farewell.

## S O N G. ||

## TYRANT LOVE.

*Sung by Miss Milne.*

WHEN with wishes soft and tender,  
 Love has once the heart impress'd,  
 Forc'd thy freedom to surrender,  
 Hope no more, fond heart, to rest :  
 Never more to taste of pleasure,  
 Is the tyrant's stern decree ;  
 Yet to deem each sigh a treasure,  
 Dearer far than liberty.

SONG.

S O N G.

JACK AT THE WINDLASS.

*Sung by Mr. Fawcett.*

COME all hands a-hoy to the anchor,  
From friends and relations to go,  
Poll blubbers and cries—devil thank her,  
She'll soon take another in tow :  
This breeze, like the old one, may kick us,  
About on the boisterous main,  
And one day, if death does not trick us,  
Perhaps we may come back again :

C H O R U S.

With a will-ho, then, pull away, jolly boys,  
At the mercy of fortune we go,  
We're in for it, then what folly, boys,  
For to be down-hearted, yo-ho.

Our boatswain takes care of the rigging,  
More especially when he gets drunk ;  
The bobstays supply him with swigging,  
He the cable cuts up for old junk :  
The studding-sail serves for his hammoc,  
With the clue-lines he bought him his call,  
While ensigns and jacks in a mammoc,  
He sold to buy trinkets for Poll.  
With a will ho, &c.

'Of the purser this here is the maxim,  
 Slops, grog, and provisions he sacks ;  
 How he'd look if you was but to ask him,  
 With the captain's clerk who 'tis goes snacks :  
 O he'd find it another guess story,  
 That would bring his bare back to the cat,  
 If his Majesty's honor and glory,  
 Was only just told about that.  
 With a will-ho, &c.

The chaplain's both holy and godly,  
 And sets up for heaven a -gog,  
 Yet to my mind he looks rather odly,  
 When he's swearing and drinking of grog :  
 When he took on his knee Betsey Bowser,  
 And talk'd of her beauty and charms,  
 Cry'd I, 'which is the way to heav'n now, Sir ?'  
 'Why, you dog,' cry'd the chaplain, 'her arms.'  
 With a will-ho, &c.

The gunner's the devil of a lubber,  
 The carfindo can't fish the mast ;  
 The surgeon's a lazy land lubber,  
 And the master can't steer if he's aft :  
 The lieutenants conceit all are wrapt in,  
 The mates hardly merit their ship,  
 Nor is there a swab, but the captain,  
 Knows the stem from the stern of the ship.  
 With a will-ho, &c.

Now 'fore and aft having abus'd them,  
 Just but for my fancy and gig,  
 Could I find any one that ill us'd them,  
 D—mme but I'd tickle his wig :

Jack never was known for a railer,  
 'Twas fun ev'ry word that I spoke,  
 And the proof of a true hearted sailor,  
 Is to give and to take a good joke.  
 With a will-ho, &c.

---

## S O N G.\*

THO' PLEASURE SWELL.

*Sung by Mr. Brabam.*

**T**o pleasure swell the jovial cry,  
 Amid the chace resounding,  
 While light with airy steps we fly,  
 O'er hill o'er valley bounding ;  
 Pleas'd I forego delights so sweet,  
 A parent's dearer smiles to meet.

---

## S O N G.\*

AH! SEEK TO KNOW.

**A**H! seek to know what place detains,  
 The object of her care ;  
 It yet his breast unchang'd remains,  
 And I his object share :  
 Tell me if e'er he gently sighs,  
 At mention of his name ;  
 If e'er his tender passions rise,  
 His lips the truth proclaim.

SONG

## S O N G.

WE SHALL BE MARRIED TO-MORROW.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain.*

YOUNG Will of the green is the lad to my mind,  
 For tho' he is apt to be teasing,  
 Not a swain in the village, tho' gentle and kind,  
 Talks of love in a manner so pleasing:  
 Last night as we rov'd on the banks of the Dee,  
 To be sure my fond lover must follow—  
 He forc'd a fond kiss, and a promise from me,  
 That we should be married to-morrow.

I fain would have answer'd indeed its too soon,  
 But the lad was so fond and endearing,  
 I could not refuse him so simple a boon,  
 When all that he crav'd was a hearing :  
 My hand he so press'd that I could not say no,  
 Or give the fond youth any sorrow,  
 I heard him with patience determine it so,  
 And we shall be married to-morrow.

In the morning the bells will merrily ring,  
 My heart with the thought is delighted ;  
 Nor e'er will I envy a queen or a king,  
 When I and my love are united :  
 Our lives shall be spent without murmur or ill,  
 Nor e'er know of trouble or sorrow,  
 And then he shall kiss me as oft' he will,  
 For we shall be married to-morrow.

## S O N G.

AH! WELL-A-DAY, POOR ANNA.

*Sung by Master Welsh.*

**F**AIR Anna lov'd a rustic boy,  
 And William was the shepherd's name;  
 In him was center'd all her joy,  
 For her he glow'd with equal flame:  
 His cruel father knew he lov'd,  
 And forc'd him o'er the seas away,  
 Alone and sad poor Anna rov'd  
 And thus sung out, ah! well-a-day:  
 Ah! well-a-day, well-a-day, well-a-day, ah! well-a-  
 day,  
 Sigh, fond heart, sigh, fond heart, sigh, fond heart,  
 but do not break,  
 Deep in love, deep in love, deep in love, but dare not  
 speak.

A wealthy neighbour woo'd the maid,  
 His gold the sordid mother won;  
 The gentle Anna thus betray'd,  
 Was forc'd to church and was undone:  
 Returning back she met her love,  
 'Ah! William dear,' she fondly cry'd,  
 'May you a happier fortune prove,'  
 She press'd his hand, she sigh'd, and dy'd  
 Ah! well-a-day, &c.

## S O N G. ||

KATE OF DOVER.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**N**ED FLINT was lov'd by all the ship,  
 Was tender-hearted, bold, and true;  
 He'd work his way, or drink his flip,  
 With e'er a seaman in the crew:  
 Tho' Ned had brav'd his country's foe,  
 And twice had sail'd the world all over,  
 Had seen his messmates oft' laid low,  
 Yet would he fight for Kate of Dover.

Fair was the morn, when on the shore,  
 Ned flew to take of Kate his leave;  
 Says he, my love, your grief give o'er,  
 For Ned can ne'er his Kate deceive:  
 Let fortune smile, or let her frown,  
 To you I ne'er will prove a rover,  
 All cares in gen'rous flip I'll drown,  
 And still be true to Kate of Dover.

The tow'ring cliffs they bade adieu,  
 To brave all dangers on the main,  
 When lo! a sail appear'd in view,  
 And Ned, with many a tar was slain:  
 Thus death, who lays each hero low,  
 Robb'd Kitty of her faithful lover—  
 The tars oft' tell the tale of woe,  
 And heave a sigh for Kate of Dover.

SONG.



## S O N G.

OH, NANNY.

O H, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me,  
 Nor sigh to quit the flaunting town?  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
 The lowly cot, or russet gown?  
 No longer drest in silken sheen  
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,  
 Say, can'st thou quit each busy scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,  
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?  
 Say, can'st thou face the flaky snaw,  
 Nor shrink before the warping wind?  
 O can that soft and gentlest mien,  
 Severest hardships learn to bear?  
 Nor, sad, regret each busy scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, can'st thou love so true,  
 Thro' perils keen wi' me to go;  
 Or when thy swain mishap, shall rue,  
 To share with him the pang of woe?  
 And when invading pains befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care;  
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

I

G

And

And when, at last, thy love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
 And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay  
 Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear;  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

---

S O N G.

THE FAITHFUL FAIR.

*(Answer to 'Oh! Nanny wilt thou gang with me.)*

**Y**ES, love, thy Nancy, ever true,  
 Whose bosom glows with purest love;  
 Will chearful fly along with you,  
 And share your griefs, where'er you rove:  
 Nor shall a grieving thought be felt,  
 When I from town with you repair;  
 Where long in splendour I have dwelt  
 The rival of each envious fair.

When'er my love is call'd away,  
 Whether to climes of heat extreme;  
 Or, where the sun's bright cheering ray,  
 Scarce on the frozen soil does beam:  
 I, cheerful, shall forsake my home,  
 My every friend, my parents dear;  
 And brave each hardship as they come,  
 Still happy while my love is near.

Doubt not thy Nancy's faithful heart,  
 Which feels each touch that gives thee pain;  
 Bid not her only joy depart,  
 By asking, 'Can I love my swain?'  
 Still shall you find, where'er I go,  
 Thy Nancy's heart for ever true,  
 Willing to sooth your ev'ry woe,  
 Or share each trouble felt by you.

Should sickness fierce attack my love,  
 This bosom shall your pillow be;  
 Or should death's stroke thy life remove,  
 Then shall you find a friend in me:  
 With sweetest flow'rs I'll strew thy grave,  
 Nor shall the tear forsake mine eye,  
 'Till heaven reclaims the life it gave,  
 And calls me to thee in the sky.

---

S O N G.

GO, DAUGHTERS OF FOLLY.

**G**O, daughters of fashion, for pleasure repine,  
 The joys ye pursue are not equal to mine;  
 The humours of thousands for yours must agree,  
 Mine centre in Henry, and Henry's in me.

The rose thrice hath bloom'd on the chaplet of May,  
 Since I bow'd at the altar and vow'd to obey;  
 Talk not of restrictions, the bond I approve,  
 'Tis sanction'd by reason, religion, and love.

Gay carols the lark as we rise in the morn,  
And at ev'ning the blackbird chaunts sweet on the  
thorn ;

We join in the concert, why should we refrain?  
Our hearts are as grateful, as lively our strain.

We bask in the sunshine which summer supplies,  
And count, fertile Autumn, thy exquisite dies ;  
No terror in ice mantled winter we see,  
A book, and a song, still can conquer ennui.

Domestic, yet cheerful, delighted to blend,  
By prudent attention, the lover and friend ;  
In wedlock's full cup we some bitters expect,  
And allow for the frailties we try to correct.

Though shunning the many, wild Comus's crew,  
For social enjoyment we chuse but a few :  
Those few round our table shall frequently meet,  
Sincere be the welcome, and simple the treat.

---

## S O N G.

### WHISKY O.

**L**ET Sawny loo' the lassies, O,  
And sing their praise from morn to night ;  
Such idle joys, I'd have you know,  
Can ne'er gi' Murphy's son delight :  
For tho', like stars, their eyes do shine,  
When just a little frisky, O,  
To be sure they don't look quite divine,  
'Till lighted up with whiskey, O.

When

When in this world I popp'd my nose,  
 The gossips all around were met;  
 Away for water one o' 'em goes,  
 Because I was sickly pet:  
 But father Leary, precious soul!  
 That night a little brisk or so,  
 Dipt his sweet fingers in the bowl,  
 And sprinkle me with whisky, O.

Be sure I don't remember now,  
 (Dear little baby!) how I smil'd,  
 When first the whisky met my brow,  
 Sure never was so sweet a child!  
 When brawling in my mammy's lap,  
 My little life at risk, ye know,  
 'Tis said I ne'er could touch the pap,  
 'Till moisten'd well with whisky, O.

In Dublin, where I went to school,  
 Be sure not over flush of cash,  
 I never spent it like a fool,  
 In toys, in gewgaws, or in trash:  
 The master often wonder'd what  
 Made Murphy's son so frisky, O;  
 'Twas 'cause each doct that Murphy got,  
 Was sily spent in whisky O.

'Twas there I learn'd great Ammon's son  
 Was poison'd with a Persian cup,  
 Which, ariah! sure had ne'er been done,  
 Had it been fill'd with whisky up:  
 For sure no sober man can think,  
 Tho' it might make it brisk or so,  
 That any Babylonish drink  
 Was half so good as whisky, O.

Anacreon, wine's blooming bard,  
 Squeez'd in his bowl the ruddy grape,  
 With whiskey no more to be compar'd,  
 Than human creature with an ape :  
 For tho' at wakes it made him gay,  
 And cau'd the strains flow briskly, O,  
 Lud ! how he would have bawl'd away,  
 Had he been warm'd with whiskey, O.

Jove hearing Ireland was possess'd  
 Of liquor to the gods unknown,  
 Sent for a noggin of the best,  
 And, having got it, gulp'd it down :  
 Away ran Ganymede in haste  
 For more on't at the self same shop,  
 That every one might have a taste ; —  
 E'en chaste Diana took a drop.

It flew like lightning to each sconce,  
 And play'd its part so briskly, O,  
 They rose and swore by Styx, at once,  
 They'd ne'er drink aught but whisky, O ;  
 The thunderer having ta'en his fill,  
 Became so vastly tipsy, O,  
 He kick'd poor Bacchus down the hill,  
 Who, tumbling, cry'd out, whisky, O.

Then calling Iris, alias Peg,  
 He bade her soon prepare to go  
 To his brother Pluto with a keg,  
 And tell him it was whiskey, O :  
 His sable godship taking some,  
 Became so wond'rous frisky, O !  
 That Pluto soon hung out the broom,  
 And made another heav'n below.

But

But more of whisky I'll not sing,  
 Nor tune my pipes so briskly, O,  
 Since every note now on the wing,  
 Has kept me from dear whisky, O:  
 Then let me once for all declare,  
 To all those who may wish to know,  
 The zest of joy the bane of care,  
 Is the same Irish whisky O.

---

## S O N G.

*Sung by Mr Incedon, in Lock and Key.*

**W**HEN Britain on the foaming main,  
 Her native reign,  
 Bids ner sons their rights declare,  
 Soon as her fires have taught the foe  
 Again to know  
 Who their dauntless conqu'ors are:  
 The sailor's bosom swells with joy,  
 Beyond the glory to destroy,  
 He feels the power to save;  
 And, conqu'ring, views a foe no more,  
 In him who fought his life before,  
 But lifts him from the wave.

Tho' seas are rolling mountains high,  
 Our boats we ply,  
 'Tis a fellow creature falls!  
 See him raise his hands in fear,  
 And, wond'ring, hear  
 The cheering voice that life recalls.  
 The sailor's bosom, &c.



---

S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. Farwell.*

A WOMAN is like to—but stay,  
What a woman is like who can say ?  
There's no living with, or without one :  
Love bites like a fly,  
Now an ear, now an eye,  
Buz, buz, always buzzing about one.

When she's tender and kind,  
She is like to my mind,  
(And Fanny was so, I remember) ;  
She is like to—O dear !  
She's as good very near  
As a ripe melting peach in September.

If she laugh, and she chat,  
Play, joke, and all that,  
And with smiles and good humour she meet me,  
She is like a rich dish  
Of ven'son or fish,  
That cries, from the table, “ come eat me.”

But she'll plague you, and vex you,  
Distract and perplex you ;  
False-hearted and ranging,  
Unsettled and changing,—  
What then do you think she is like ?  
Like a sand, like a rock,  
Like a wheel, like a clock,  
Aye a clock that is always at strike.

Her



Her head's like the island folks tell on,  
 Which nothing but monkees can dwell on;  
 Her heart's like a lemon, so nice,  
 She carves for each lover a slice;  
 In truth, she's to me  
 Like the wind, like the sea,  
 Whose raging will hearken to no man.

Like a mill, like a pill,  
 Like a flail, like a whale,  
 Like an ass, like a glass,  
 Whose image is constant to no man:  
 Like a flower, like a shower,  
 Like a fly, like a pie,  
 Like a pea, like a flea,  
 Like a thief, like—in brief,  
 She's like nothing on earth—but a woman.

---

S O N G.

*Sung Mrs. Martyr.*

**E**RE since I found true love beginning,  
 And thought his hand was worth the winning,  
 I call'd each little artful aid in,  
 To spare the question from a maiden:  
 'To wake or show,  
 When ask'd to go,  
 I still denied,  
 All lads beside,  
 And pray'd of Ralph to carry me;  
 It seem'd so pat,  
 In tender chat,  
 To whisper, "Fanny, will you marry me?"

In evening fine, and summer weather,  
 When o'er the fields we walk'd together,  
 Tho' I can trip it like a fairy,  
 I've oft pretended to be weary;  
 Then leaning on his arm awhile,  
 I slyly ask'd him with a smile,  
 "I'm tir'd, Ralph, will you carry me?"  
     But on the way  
     He ne'er would stay,  
 To whisper, "Fanny, will you marry me?"

---

## S O N G.

WELL, AWAY, CRUEL BARBARA ALLEN.

*Sung by Master Welsh.*

**A**LL in the merry month of May,  
 When green buds they were swelling,  
 Young Jemmy on his death-bed lay,  
 For love of Barbara Allen:  
 Well away, well away, well away, well away,  
 Cruel Barbara Allen, cruel Barbara Allen.

He turn'd his face unto her strait,  
 With deadly sorrow sighing;  
 O lovely maid some pity shew,  
 I'm on my death-bed lying.  
 Well away, &c.

If on your death-bed you do lie,  
 What needs the tale you're telling;  
 Without one tear, without one sigh,  
 Farewell—said Barbara Allen.  
 Well away, &c.

When

When he was laid in his cold grave,  
Her heart was struck with sorrow;  
'To-day you died for me!' she said;  
'For you I'll die to-morrow!'  
Well away, &c.

‘Farewel,’ she said, ‘ye virgins all,  
‘O shun the fault I fell in;  
‘Henceforth take warning by the fall,  
‘Of cruel Barbara Allen.’  
Well away, &c.

## SONG.

I SOUGHT MY LOVE O'ER HILL AND DALE.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**I** LOST my love, and I sought my love,  
O'er hill, and dale, and valley ;  
**I** call'd her long, both loud and strong,  
'Till nought was heard but Sally :  
(Echo) Sally !

I thought it strange, but still did range,  
When, ah! if you'll believe me;  
Too true I found the foolish sound  
That mock'd and did deceive me,  
Was echo, prattling echo:  
(*Echo*) echo!

Ha! ha!—ha! ha!—  
There, again, tis echo,  
'Tis echo, prattling echo.

I fought my fair, both here and there,  
 And still her name kept calling ;  
 But sure the more to grieve me fore,  
 Why, eccho would be bawling :  
                                           (*Echo*) Bawling !  
 But when I thought the nymph I'd caught,  
 To keep alive my terror,  
 I found the noise that damp'd my joys,  
 And kept me still in error,  
 Was echo, prattling echo, &c.

Ah! where, said I, where can she fly,  
 Return, my love, my Sally ;  
 But eccho still, with right good will,  
 My grief did only rally :  
                                           (*Echo*) Rally !

At length the maid my care repaid,  
 For to my heart I press'd her ;  
 And now in tern, with unconcern,  
 We both deride the jester ;  
 And laugh ha! ha! at echo, &c.

---

S O N G.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain.*

WILLY, after courting long,  
 Married me on Sunday ;  
 All that day I held my tongue,  
 But scolded him on Monday :

Tuesday

Tuesday I grew dull and sad,  
 Wednesday pass'd in scorning;  
 Thursday drove me raving mad,  
 But, Friday—what a morning!  
 'Till, at length, that balm of life,  
 Money, brought a better day;  
 So we lov'd like man and wife,  
 Kissing sweet on Saturday.

Willy next began the week,  
 Tipting all the Sunday;  
 Therefore, I provok'd to speak,  
 Did scold him well on Monday—  
 Tuesday call'd him drunken sot,  
 Wednesday, lubber lazy;  
 Thursday, having mended not,  
 Why Friday made me crazy:  
 Tho' I hop'd the fool would think  
 Wiser on the latter day,  
 Not a sou for meat and drink  
 Earn'd he on the Saturday.

What was proper to be done,  
 Every future Sunday?  
 For 'twas plain I first begun  
 Wrong upon the Monday:  
 Tuesday then I calmer seem'd,  
 Wednesday was indulgent,  
 Thursday peace and comfort beam'd,  
 And Friday shone refulgent!  
 Chasing thus corroding strife,  
 Ev'ry day's a better day;  
 Joy and pleasure 'luming life  
 From Saturday to Saturday.

SONG.

S O N G.

SHEPHERD STAY, AND DO NOT LEAVE ME.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain.*

**I**F you, Colin, go campaigning,  
What must hapless Silvia do?  
Night and day her fate bewailing,  
She will ever think on you :  
Shepherd stay, and do not leave me,  
Whither would my Colin rove ?  
If you go 'twill surely grieve me,  
Prithee stay with thy true love.

Can you view those verdant mountains,  
See the crystal waters flow ;  
Hear the bubbling of the fountains,  
And those charming scenes forego :  
Shepherd stay, &c.

Can you quit your peaceful station,  
For a toilsome soldier's life ?  
And leave me in deep vexation,  
Whom you vow'd you'd make your wife :  
Shepherd stay, &c.

---

SONG.

## S O N G.

IF A BODY LOVES A BODY.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

A BODY may, in simple way,  
Read love in Strephon's eyes ;  
A body may, ah ! well-a-day !  
Find love, tho' in disguise :  
There is a body loves a body,  
I could tell you who ;  
And if a body loves a body,  
Let him come and woo.

I ne'er will wed, I often said,  
A lad that cannot speak ;  
Yet something's running in my head,  
Which prudence cannot check :  
There is a body, &c.

An humble cot, and simple lot,  
Is suited to my mind ;  
No wealth I seek, then let him speak,  
He'll find a body kind :  
There is a body, &c.

SONG:

## S O N G.

IN A VALE FAR REMOV'D.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**I**N a vale far remov'd from the noise of the town,  
 In a hamlet which smiling content call'd her own,  
 There lives a fair maid, more blooming and gay  
 Than roses in June, or the blossoms in May :  
 She was lov'd by the shepherds, ador'd by the 'squire,  
 Who teaz'd her, and vex'd her, with love and desire;  
 Tho' they follow'd and woo'd her wherever she'd go,  
 Her answer was always, no, no, no, no, no.

'Tis with extacy still I remember the day, [ May ;  
 When I saw this dear maiden crown'd queen of the  
 Her eyes like the floe, her cheeks like the rose,  
 With smiles that from innocent pleasure arose :  
 While the shepherds hail'd Anna as the queen of the  
 She listen'd to me and approv'd my fond lay ; [ May,  
 When I ventur'd to beg to the dance she would go,  
 She never once answer'd me, no, no, no, no.

Far distant I came, yet no farther I'll roam,  
 The dwelling of love and fair Anna's my home ;  
 No vale is so fragrant, no maiden so fair—  
 No lad is so happy such blessings to share :  
 And when she's my bride then how great my delight,  
 We'll join in the dance, in the song we'll unite ;  
 In the morn with my fair-one to church I will go,  
 Nor fear that she'll answer me, no, no, no, no.

SONG.



## S O N G.

I'VE SEARCH'D EACH COTTAGE FAR AND NEAR.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

I'VE search'd each cottage far and near,  
Thro' town and village been ;  
And many maidens blooming fair,  
I in my search have seen ;  
But none so lovely could I find,  
In village, town, or dale,  
So gentle, charming, and so kind,  
As Lucy of the Vale.

Beneath an aged elm-tree's shade,  
Beside a lonely wood,  
In thatch'd roof cot I found this maid,  
So beautiful and good :  
She sweetly blush'd with virgin shame,  
When first I told my tale ;  
While ev'ry sigh increas'd my flame,  
For Lucy of the Vale.

Her cheeks outvie the blushing rose,  
Her eyes all mild to view ;  
Her mind, which like the lily blows,  
Is pure as morning dew :  
Not all the gayest flowers that are  
In garden, mead, or dale ;  
Can with this beauteous maid compare,  
Sweet Lucy of the Vale.

SONG.

## S O N G.

BEN OF SHEERNESS.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**A**S honest Ben, the tar, returning  
 From many a toil and hardship past;  
 For England's fame his bosom burning,  
 His wounds well earn'd in service scoring,  
 Beholds with joy his home at last.

But woe the day, and sad the hearing,  
 'To view his country's glory gone!  
 To see his friends from honor veering,  
 Rebellion's shameless standard rearing,  
 And find his shipmates they were one.

That flag that once in firm alliance,  
 England's proud triumphs nobly bore,  
 Dishonor'd now claims no alliance,  
 But faithless wave in vile defiance,  
 And dare to threat its native shore.

'If truth,' cried Ben, 'be all a notion,  
 'And these the days I've liv'd to see;  
 'Why, honest shipmates, burn the ocean,  
 'And may this grog, a sailor's potion,  
 'Be the last drop to you and me.

'And Sal, when Sal and I are parted,  
 'This shameful day with joy shall rue;  
 'Tho' 'midst those tears a blush be started,  
 'To think that tars prove traitor hearted,  
 'While landmen turn out good and true.'

SONG.

S O N G.

O WHITHER CAN MY WILLIAM STRAY.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

O WHITHER can my William stray,  
And leave me thus to sigh?  
If to the wars he's forc'd away,  
Then to the wars will I:  
In trowsers white, and jacket blue,  
I'll like a tar appear,  
And brave each danger, love, for you,  
For you, my only dear.

Ah! whither would'st thou fly from me,  
That there I will not be?  
Is there a place beneath the sky  
Can keep my love from me?  
If thou a soldier's fate pursue,  
Why then, devoid of fear,  
I'll be, my love, a soldier too,  
For you, my only dear.

O love, I'll dare the frowns of fate,  
With thee, my soul's delight;  
In ev'ry peril on thee wait,  
And be thy shield in fight:  
And should the foe, with martial dart,  
My William's breast come near,  
I'll strike my poignard to his heart,  
For you, my only dear.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE LINNET.

*Sung by Master Welsh.*

**W**HERE wild flow'rs grow and linnets sing,  
To usher in the jocund spring,  
O let me lead my charming maid,  
To yonder fragrant chequer'd shade,  
Where wild flow'rs grow and linnets sing,  
To usher in the jocund spring ;  
Hark! hark! he swells his tuneful throat,  
Hark to the tuneful linnet's note.

A mossy bank, with ozers bound,  
For your delight, my fair, I've found,  
Where woodbines form a sweet retreat,  
Close shelter'd from the noon-tide heat :  
Where wild flow'rs, &c.

The winding streams that runs along,  
Conveys the distant herdsman's song ;  
The violets bloom beneath thy feet,  
For nature decks the calm retreat.  
Where wild flow'rs glow, &c.

---

SONG.

## S O N G.

THE MAID OF THE GREEN—PRETTY SALLY.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

I'VE travell'd afar from my dear native home,  
 And teen lovely women past telling;  
 In this place or t'other, as fancy would roam,  
 I wander'd, and took up a dwelling:  
 Sweet women I prize, wheresoever they be,  
 Tho' jesters and coxcombs may rally;  
 But she that's most charming and pleasing to me,  
 Is Sally, my sweet pretty Sally;  
 Is Sally, my sweet pretty Sally:  
 The maid of the green, the maid of the green,  
 The maid of the green—pretty Sally.

When often beset by this beauty and that,  
 My tongue in their praise never faulter'd;  
 With each one I prattled, and humour'd their chat,  
 But still my fond heart never alter'd:  
 No, no—for in whatever climate or place  
 I chanc'd, when a rover, to dally,  
 I saw, in my fancy, the beautiful face  
 Of Sally—my sweet pretty Sally.

And ever shall she be the pride of my song,  
 Whose constancy nothing could sever:  
 For tho' far away from my charmer too long,  
 Her love was as faithful as ever:  
 Then come to my bosom, thou maiden divine,  
 A passion so true who can rally?  
 For thee I can splendor and riches resign,  
 For Sally, my sweet pretty Sally.

SONG.

S O N G.

WHAT CAN A LASSY DO.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain.*

**Y**OUNG Jemmy's ganging after me  
The live long day and night,  
And always kissing too is he,  
When father's out of sight :  
But dinna, lad, be teasing so,  
For this I'll tell you true,  
If thou art ever pleasing so,  
What can a lassy do ?

He shanna more be pressing me,  
(Its muckle truth I vow)  
Nor shall he be caressing me,  
As sure he did just now :  
And so I'll tell him when we meet,  
I winna hear his loo ;  
For when a laddy is so sweet,  
What can a lassy do.

I wonder where the youth can be,  
O whither can he stray ?  
But that is nothing sure to me,  
So let him keep away ;  
For should he tell his wily tale,  
And want to buckle too,  
I really think he would prevail—  
What can a lassy do.

SONG.

## S O N G.

FOR WE SHALL BOTH GROW OLDER. ||

*Sung by Master Welsh.*

THEY tell me I'm too young to wed,  
 But sure tis all a fancy,  
 A smiling girl runs in my head,  
 'Tis pretty little Nancy :  
 My mother says it must not be,  
 Tho' this I've often told her,  
 That Nancy is as young as me,  
 And we shall both grow older.

Her eyes are blue, with flaxen hair,  
 Her smiles just hit my fancy ;  
 No girl so mild, so soft, so fair,  
 As pretty little Nancy :  
 Then why not wed as well as love ?  
 And so I've often told her ;  
 If too young now we shall improve,  
 For we shall both grow older.

When year on year rolls o'er her head,  
 She still will please my fancy ;  
 As when to church I fondly led  
 My pretty little Nancy :  
 Then let us wed, as love invites,  
 For this I've often told her,  
 'Tis love alone can give delight,  
 When we are both grown older.

SONG.

S O N G.\*

THE WAND'RING LAMB.

*Sung by Mr. Inledon.*

**A**N anxious mother search'd in vain  
To find her infant darling lamb;  
Which playful stray'd from off the plain,  
So lost its way, so lost its dam:  
The bleeding mother's rending cries  
Soon reach'd the passing traveller's ear,  
Each bleating sound was fill'd with sighs,  
Affection dropt sweet nature's tear.

Hard cruel fate! most sad to tell,  
The snow fell fast, the cold severe,  
When, near a dismal dreary dell,  
This little wand'rer perish'd there:  
There, on a bank of feather'd snow,  
The hapless victim sunk to rest;  
Death kindly gave a gentle blow,  
And fill'd with care the mother's breast.

---



## S O N G.

WHEN THE SPRIGHTLY FIFE AND DRUM.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

**W**HEN the sprightly fife and drum  
 Unto our village came,  
 Young Henry seem'd inclin'd to roam,  
 And felt a thirst for fame :  
 I ev'ry thing did quickly try,  
 To check th' aspiring swain ;  
 I knelt and to him oft' did sigh,  
 But all, alas ! was vain,  
 For soon the martial band he join'd,  
 And me he bade adieu,  
 'And thou, my love, he said, shall find  
 That Henry will be true.'

My Henry is a comely youth,  
 No one can him excell ;  
 Good nature, innocence, and truth,  
 Does ever with him dwell :  
 Tho' envious maidens sometimes say,  
 Because he's far from me,  
 That I shall find some future day,  
 He will inconstant be :  
 But they'll ne'er mar my peace of mind,  
 Tho' they make much ado,  
 For something tells me I shall find  
 That Henry will be true.

I

H

Ye

Ye heavenly pow'rs protect my swain,  
 Preserve him in the fight,  
 Oh! do not let him now be slain,  
 But waft him to my sight:  
 Tho' he has left me three long years,  
 Soon as the war is o'er,  
 I hope to banish all my cares,  
 And from him part no more:  
 Then nothing will our peace destroy,  
 But pleasure will ensue,  
 Oh! how my heart will leap for joy,  
 To find my Henry true.

---

S O N G.

JEM OF ABERDOVEY.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

**T**HEY call me—yes, indeed they do,  
 A bonny lass, in charms array'd;  
 And often say—its very true,  
 'Tis pity I should die a maid!  
 But tho' they tell me that and this,  
 And call me dear and lovey O,  
 To none I'll ever grant a kiss,  
 But Jem of Aberdovey O!!  
 So tune the merry merry bells,  
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,  
 To Jem of Aberdovey O.

Young

Young Taffy, of Glamorganshire,  
 Would give the world, he says, for me !  
 There's Winny too, who calls me dear,  
 With Watkin too, of high degree :  
 But tho', &c.

And sure in March that's coming too,  
 And that's the Month but one to May,  
 Why we shall marry, yes, look you,  
 And all upon St. David's day :  
 For tho', &c.

---

S O N G.

YOU'RE WELCOME, DEAR YOUTH, AS THE  
 FLOWERS IN MAY.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

**Y**OUNG Will in his holiday suit came to woo,  
 And he'd talk to my mother as other lads do ;  
 If your daughter can like me I'll make her my wife,  
 And love her, and cheer her, all days in my life :  
 My mother attended, as other dames do,  
 When with love, but no money, a lad comes to woo ;  
 But when down before her his riches he lay,  
 'Twas, you're welcome, dear youth, as the flowers  
 in May.

My father was told of the wealth he possess,  
 For of all his acquirements his riches were best ;  
 ' When spent,' cry'd my father, ' pray what will you  
 do,  
 With children to squall, and your wife grown a shrew ?

‘I can work,’ says young Will, ‘for my children and  
 wife,  
 And my love shall prevent all scolding and strife :’  
 ‘I’ll give you my daughter, and, wed her to-day,  
 You’re as welcome, dear youth, as the flowers in May

My mother’s fond wishes were gain’d by his store,  
 My father’s by promising still to gain more ;  
 The bloom on his cheek, and the glance of his eye,  
 Had taught me ’twas right with their wish to comply :  
 I promis’d to-morrow should see me his bride,  
 Press’d by duty and beauty, who could have deny’d ?  
 When a kiss he then sa’d for, I could but obey,  
 ’Twas, you’re welcome, dear youth, as the flowers in  
 May.

---

S O N G.

WITH MARY DEAR I LOVE TO STRAY.

*Sung by Mr. Denman.*

**W**HERE cowslips sweet adorn’d the mead,  
 And daisies deck’d the verdant plain ;  
 When roseate shepherds tune the reed,  
 And birds renew their lively strain ;  
 ’Tis then, amidst those scenes so gay,  
 With Mary dear I love to stray.

More lovely than the lily fair  
 Or sweetly blooming damask rose,  
 Does my fair Mary’s face appear ;  
 Far greater sweets her cheeks disclose :  
 With this dear maid, at close of day,  
 How dearly do I love to stray.

By moonlight, in the shady grove,  
 Close by a riv'let's bubbling side,  
 As late I wander'd with my love,  
 She there agreed to be my bride !  
 And if she'll wed without delay,  
 I vow from her I ne'er will stray.

---

S O N G.

MAIDENS WOULD YOU KNOW.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain.*

**M**AIDENS, would you know, like me,  
 What is true felicity ?  
 Then no longer single stray,  
 Marry, girls, without delay :  
 Let the parson join your hands,  
 Live and love in Hymen's bands,  
 Then you'll find, both late and soon,  
 All your lives a honey-moon,  
 A sweet a tender-honey-moon.

Marriage, ladies, is a bliss,  
 None, Oh! none that's wise should miss ;  
 But let caution be your guide,  
 When you wish to be a bride :  
 Chuse the lad, who, scorning self,  
 Love's you only for yourself :  
 Then you'll find, both late and soon,  
 All your lives a honey-moon,  
 A sweet a tender honey-moon.

Hymen may by fools be scoff'd,  
 But his chains are kind and soft,  
 For what joy can women trace,  
 Like a husband's fond embrace?  
 Haste then, girls, at Hymen's call,  
 Marry, marry, one and all:  
 Then you'll find both late and soon,  
 All your lives a honey-moon,  
 A sweet, a tender honey-moon.

---

S O N G.

HERE'S THE PRETTY GIRL I LOVE.

*Sung by Mr. Denman.*

**J**ACK OAKUM was a gallant tar,  
 And doated on the lovely Poll;  
 Whose charms were like the morning-star,  
 And radiant as the beams of Sol:  
 To live, and for each other true,  
 They swore by ev'ry saint above;  
 And Jack, wherever sailing to,  
 Gave—here's the pretty girl I love.

It happen'd once they made a port,  
 Where beauty held its magic reign;  
 And each bold tar, in am'rous sport,  
 Forgot the perils of the main:  
 Round went the glass and jest, at whim,  
 The song and toast at ev'ry move;  
 But Jack, whene'er they call'd on him,  
 Gave—here's the pretty girl I love.

Thus

Thus faithful Jack, in ev'ry clime,  
 True to his Poll, dwelt on her charms;  
 And soon arriv'd the happy time,  
 When each were lock'd in t'other's arms:  
 Safe now they made the nuptial coast,  
 And Jack once more his worth to prove,  
 When ask'd by friendship for his toast,  
 Gave—here's the pretty girl I love.

---

S O N G.

THE MATCH-BOY.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**Y**E wealthy and proud, while in splendor ye roll,  
 Behold a poor orphan, pale, hungry and wan;  
 And learn, tho' now doom'd to Misfortune's controul,  
 He springs, like yourself, from the fountain of man;  
 So scanty the fruit of his humble employ,  
 Dejected he roams in a sad ragged plight;  
 Then, Oh! give a mite to the poor little boy,  
 Who cries, 'buy my matches,' from morning 'till  
 night.

Remember, tho' luxury cloy's you by day,  
 And pampers you nightly on pillows of down;  
 Adversity soon may plant thorns in your way,  
 Obscuring your pleasures with Poverty's frown:  
 While Apathy's flint, and cold steel, you employ,  
 The tinder of feeling you never can light;  
 Nor e'er give a mite to the poor little boy,  
 Who cries, 'buy my matches,' from morning 'till  
 night.

And you, ye proud fair, of this ocean-girt land,  
 With beauty external so gifted by fate,  
 Whose smile can enrapture, whose frown can command !

Prove also your mental endowments are great :  
 The crumbs of your table, which lap-dogs destroy,  
 Might comfort our orphan and yield him delight ;  
 Then, Oh ! give a mite to the poor little boy,  
 Who cries, ' buy my matches,' from morning 'till  
 night.

## S O N G.

T'OTHER DAY AS I SAT IN A SHADY RETREAT.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain.*

**T**'OTHER day as I sat in a shady retreat,  
 Near the spot came young Colin, who saw me,  
 no doubt ;  
 He was singing of love, and his singing was sweet,  
 Yet I seem'd not to hear and affect'd to pout :  
 ' All quarrels I hate,' cry'd the artful young man,  
 Tho' he added, ' in love it will constancy prove ;  
 They must soon be forgiven, do all that we can,  
 The quarrels of lovers are renewals of love.

Then he knelt at my feet, and he vow'd he was true,  
 ' O boast not your love or your truth, then,' I cry'd,  
 ' To Phillis go give all the passion that's due,  
 O hasten to church and there make her your bride ;  
 No pain it will give me, tho' quite undeserv'd,  
 Then leave me, O leave me your passion to prove :'  
 He smil'd in my face, and then slyly observ'd,  
 ' The quarrels of lovers are renewals of love.

When



When to Phillis I chatted, it was in return  
 To your romping, your laughing, and dancing with  
 Will;  
 But for you, and you only my bosom can burn,  
 Then let not, dear Nancy, your cruelty kill :'  
 When he talk'd thus of killing and dying, I found  
 It was just the right time my forgiveness to prove,  
 And at church the next morning, I readily own'd,  
 The quarrels of lovers are renewals of love.

---

S O N G.

THE FEMALE AUCTIONEER.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

WELL, here I am!—And what of that?  
 Methinks I hear you cry;  
 Why I am come—and that is pat,  
 To sell, if you will buy:  
 A female Auctioneer I stand,  
 Yet not to seek for pelf;  
 Ah! no—the lot I have in hand,  
 Is now to sell myself:  
 I'm going, I'm going who bids for me.  
 Ye bachelors I look at you,  
 And pray don't deem me rude,  
 Nor rate me either scold or shrew,  
 A flirter, or a prude:  
 My hand and heart I offer fair,  
 And, should you buy the lot,  
 I swear the breeches ne'er to wear,  
 When Hymen ties the knot:  
 And I'm going, &c.

H 5

Tho'

Tho' some may deem me pert, or so,  
 Who deal in idle st life,  
 Pray where's the girl I wish to know,  
 Would not become a wife?  
 At least I own I really would,  
 In spite of all alarms:  
 Dear bachelors now be so good,  
 Do take me to your arms:  
 For I'm going, &c.

---

S O N G.

THE FASHIONABLE WIFE.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**S**WEET women I love you as dear as my life,  
 Tho' now its ten years since I first took a wife;  
 Yet still I'm a lover, and prize all the sex,  
 Tho' wife, I must own, now and then will me vex:  
 For true it is pity, and pity its true,  
 At Faro she plays and unlimited Loo;  
 And if I say, lovee, don't do so I pray,  
 She answers, my dear, O I'll have my own way.

Tho' hundreds each night she will frequently lose,  
 I must not, I dare not that curs'd Pam abuse;  
 And then the dear creature, it needs must be said,  
 Sets up all the night, and lays all day in bed:  
 But why need I grumble at that, she will cry,  
 Don't you please yourself, Sir?—and why may not I?  
 Then tho' all the kind things to turn her I say,  
 She answers, my dear, O I'll have my own way.

O Venus, thou goddess of love, hear my vows,  
 And soften the heart of a gambling spouse ;  
 Let prudence direct her to alter her life,  
 And fill all the duties of mother and wife :  
 Let truth and affection in each other plac'd,  
 Be as long as our lives, and not short as her waist ;  
 And then all her wishes I'll strive to obey,  
 Tho' she answers, my dear, O I'll have my own way.

---

S O N G.

THE FASHIONABLE HUSBAND.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain.*

**I**F love, as we're told, is a source of sweet passion,  
 What bliss must await me, now wedded for life!  
 My husband a man too of fortune and fashion,  
 And I, happy creature! a gentleman's wife:  
 Now some men, tis said, in their love are so jealous,  
 A woman must never be out of their sight ;  
 But my lord and master is not half so zealous,  
 And leaves me at liberty morning and night.

Six weeks and five days we've already been marry'd,  
 And tho' silly things run in some people's heads,  
 'Tis an age, he declares, that is not to be parry'd,  
 And so we've agreed upon separate beds :  
 Nay more—for the freedom of both one and t'other,  
 We've laid down a plan which we're sworn to pursue  
 Should we meet, when from home, ne'er to speak to  
 each other,  
 Unless it is Madam, or Sir, how d'ye do.

Now since I first to'd you that love's a sweet passion,  
 Our love must not common or vulgar appear,  
 But, truly refin'd, must be guided by fashion,  
 Nor our lips ever utter a word like my dear :  
 And lest we by chance should embrace such a folly,  
 (For error's a thing may the wisest befall),  
 Since wedlock, he says, is at best melancholy,  
 We've agreed ne'er to speak to each other at all.

---

## S O N G.

## COME, SWEET CONTENT.

COME, sweet Content, thou ever smiling maid,  
 Come sit with me beneath this old trees' shade ;  
 Or ramble with me round yon green-clad hill,  
 Adown whose side soft steals the silvery rill.

If thou'rt an inmate of my humble home,  
 I would not change it for a gilded dome ;  
 If blest with thee, my table shall be crown'd  
 With sweets, in riot's banquet never found ;

Careless with thee I'd roam at early day,  
 And join the warblers on the waving spray ;  
 Or gaily tend my fleecy bleating fold,  
 And kindly guard them from the wint'ry cold.

Oh!

Oh! let me fold thee to this throbbing heart,  
Which sighs for peace thou only can'st impart;  
And let me with thee ever humbly bend,  
Before each trial heav'n may please to send.

Like some kind star that gives a cheering ray,  
To lead benighted mortals on their way,  
Do thou appear to check each anxious thought,  
And give that blessedness so long I've sought.

---

S O N G.

THE LITTLE SINGING GIRL.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain.*

I'M turn'd of twenty, and a maid!  
Indeed, kind Sirs, believe it true;  
And yet, I somehow am afraid,  
I must unmarried live for you:  
O will no one take me for life,  
Tis very hard, I needs must tell,  
Indeed I'll make a loving wife,  
Though but a little Singing Girl—  
A little merry Singing Girl.

'Tis

'Tis true I wander'd here and there,  
 Just like a mendicant for bread;  
 But, gentle Sirs, reviling spare,  
 Nor cast suspicion on my head:  
 My virtue is without a stain,  
 Nor will I e'er that jewel sell;  
 Ah, no—it spotless shall remain,  
 Though but a little Singing Girl.

But come, I want a husband too,  
 And one I will have, soon or late,  
 So, bachelors, I aim at you,  
 Who'll venture in the marriage state?  
 Come, who bids up, for me for life—  
 Nay, don't be doubting, that's not well;  
 Indeed I'll make a loving wife,  
 Though but a little Singing Girl.

---

## S O N G.

AS FORTH I RANG'D THE BANKS OF TWEED.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

**A**S forth I walk'd the banks of Tweed,  
 One summer's morning early,  
 I met young Jemmy in the mead,  
 Who long had lov'd me dearly:  
 He cry'd, 'dear Kate, to kirk let's go,  
 Why should we longer tarry?'  
 I thought it dang'rous to delay,  
 Though oft' I've heard my mother say,  
 Think well before you marry.

Young

Young Jemmy promis'd to be kind,  
 And I alas! consented;  
 But vows too oft' are like the wind,  
 For soon we both repented—  
 For e'er the honey-moon was past  
 My point I could not carry;  
 I thought of mother's words at last,  
 And ru'd the day I hied so fast,  
 Across the mead to marry.

Tell me, ye wives, what must I do,  
 To gain young Jemmy's favour?  
 I once enjoy'd content, but now  
 I fear 'tis fled for ever:  
 Ye lassies be advised by me,  
 Grieve not if long you tarry,  
 And when a youth makes love so free,  
 Mind what my mother oft' told me,  
 Think well before you marry.

---

S O N G.

COME, BUY MY WOODEN WARE.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**T**HY influence, Love, I needs must own,  
 Has quite subdu'd my heart;  
 I bow obedient to thy throne,  
 And feel thy potent dart:  
 For lovely Sue, with eyes so blue,  
 Engrosses all my care;  
 She trips so neat, and cries so sweet,  
 'Come, buy my wooden-ware.'

Of

Of Tunbridge-goods she has great choice,  
 And customers in store;  
 And so enchanting is her voice,  
 She gains them by the score:  
 For pretty Sue, with eyes so blue,  
 Is blooming, young, and fair;  
 She trips so neat, and cries so sweet,  
 'Come, buy my wooden-ware.'

Could I obtain her for a wife,  
 I'd envy not Peru;  
 But richer think myself for life,  
 Would she be kind and true:  
 For blithe and gay as vernal May,  
 Is sure my charming fair;  
 She trips so neat, and cries so sweet,  
 'Come, buy my wooden-ware.'

---

S O N G.

LILIES AND ROSES.

*Sung by Miss F. Howells.*

THE father of Nancy a forester was,  
 And an honest old woodman was he;  
 And Nancy an innocent beautiful lass  
 As the sun in his circuit could see!  
 She gather'd wild flow'rs, sweet lilies, and roses,  
 And cry'd, through the village, 'Come buy my sweet  
 posies.'

The



The charms of this fair-one a villager caught,  
 A noble and rich one was he;  
 Great offers he made—but my Nancy was taught  
 That a poor girl right honest might be :  
 She gather'd wild flow'rs, sweet lilies and roses,  
 And cry'd, thro' the village, 'Come buy my sweet  
 posies.

The father of Nancy a forester was,  
 And a poor little stroller was she ;  
 But her lover, so noble, soon married the lass,  
 She, as happy as maiden could be,  
 No more gather'd wild flow'rs, or lilies, or roses,  
 Nor cry'd, through the village, 'Come buy my sweet  
 posies.

---

S O N G.

YOUNG JEMMY IS A PLEASING YOUTH.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain.*

**Y**OUNG Jemmy is a pleasing youth,  
 And calls me pretty maid ;  
 But, when he talks of love and truth,  
 Seems somehow half afraid :  
 But if he thinks his love is vain,  
 And I will not receive it,  
 Why I could tell him, frank and plain,  
 O dear, Sir, don't believe it.

The other day, with much ado,  
 He ask'd me for a kiss ;  
 Then fear'd, and faith believ'd it too,  
 That he had done amis !  
 Such fear I could have chid in truth,  
 And had a mind to grieve it ;  
 What, think we won't be kiss'd, forsooth ?  
 O dear, Sir, don't believe it.

The wedding-ring the lad has bought,  
 Yet dreads to name the church,  
 Left I (O what a silly thought)  
 Should leave him in the lurch :  
 But let him take me there, and try  
 If I will not receive it ;  
 What, not be married ?—fie ! O fie !  
 O dear, Sir, don't believe it.

---

## S O N G.

## LOVE'S TELEGRAPH.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum:*

**T**O Chloe, the maid of my heart,  
 More fair, but less squeamish than Daph.  
 My wish in my song I impart,  
 For music's in Love's Telegraph.

In vain doth the guardian bear sway,  
 At all his confinement we laugh ;  
 Through windows our strains we convey—  
 For music's in Love's Telegraph.

Let Chloe be e'er so remote,  
 The breeze that disperses the chaff  
 Will bring to her ear the soft note—  
 For music's in Love's Telegraph.

And, Oh! when my Chloe I wed,  
 When Chloe shall be my best half,  
 In ballad our joy shall be spread—  
 For music's in Love's Telegraph.

SONG.

## S O N G.

DRINK TO THE GIRLS LEFT BEHIND US.

*Sung by Mr. Denman.*

**Y**OU ask me the life of a Tar,  
 That's toils'd up and down on the ocean?  
 Why know, that in peace, or in war,  
 Of danger we have not a notion:  
 Yes, yes, my dear, it is true,  
 With such we have nothing to do;  
     For we sing as we go,  
     With a yoe yea, yea yoe,  
 And drink to the girls left behind us.

When landsmen preach up, as they do,  
 And say this and that of the Navy;  
 Why, tell them, 'ere Fear brings us too,  
 We'll grapple with Death and old Davy:  
 Yes, yes—and, dear Jack, this impart,  
 The worth of a Tar is his heart—  
     For we sing as we go,  
     With a yoe yea, yea yoe,  
 And drink to the girls left behind us.

'Tis sweet, when the battle is o'er,  
 To say that a Tar's done his duty;  
 Yet sweeter to think, when on shore,  
 He'll meet with a welcome from beauty:  
 Yes, yes—and, dear Jack, may a Tar  
 E'er meet with a smile from the fair;  
     For we sing as we go,  
     With a yoe yea, yea yoe,  
 And drink to the girls left behind us.

SONG.

## S O N G.

HOW TEDIOUS, ALAS, ARE THE HOURS.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

**H**OW tedious, alas, are the hours;  
 The valleys no longer look gay;  
 The meadows bespangled with flow'rs  
 No charms have when thou art away:  
 The villagers meet on the plain,  
 At eve their gay pastimes I see,  
 But it only awakens my pain,  
 Since I am far distant from thee.

Gay Summer the mead may perfume,  
 And call forth the nightingale's voice;  
 May cause each wild flow'ret to bloom,  
 And bid smiling Nature rejoice:  
 Gay Summer would last all the year,  
 If thou wert still smiling on me;  
 And a desert would pleasing appear,  
 But, Oh, I am distant from thee!

In vain do I languish and pine,  
 Thy name is the theme of my song;  
 No pleasure, alas, now is mine,  
 But to think of thee all the day long?  
 Oh! quickly thy presence restore,  
 That form which is dearest to me,  
 Or soon will my sorrows be o'er,  
 For 'tis death to be distant from thee.

S O N G.

BENEATH A POPLAR'S FRIENDLY SHADOW.

*Sung by Miss Miller.*

**B**ENEATH a poplar's friendly shadow,  
Beside a rushy meer,  
Young Fanny sat, all blithe and blooming,  
And knit—unvex'd with care :  
And while she knit she sung so sweet  
A ballad I shall ne'er forget.

When idly o'er the meadow wand'ring,  
To lure the finny train,  
Conceal'd beneath the alder bushes,  
I heard dear Fanny's strain :  
My useless angle down I laid,  
And soft approach'd the blushing maid.

'Why all alone?—Shall I intrude me ?  
'Fresh breathes the zephyr here :  
'Good swain,' she cries, 'I've just been straying,  
'Along this glassy meer :  
'But, now the sun ascends the sky,  
'And to the cooling shade I fly.'

I sat me down, and soon soft tremors,  
My little's limbs invade ;  
And Fanny's foot, so neat and shapely,  
By mine was closely laid—  
And, stretch'd upon the flowery green,  
Her taper ancle too was seen.

We trembled like two aspin branches,  
 And neither knew for why ;  
 We talk'd of corn, and kine, and weather,  
 Then ceas'd—then 'gan to sigh :  
 And listen'd to the lapwing's strain,  
 And heard the bittern loud complain.

Now bolder grown, her work I tangled,  
 I stole her yarn away ;  
 And she, with knitting-pins assailing,  
 Provok'd the am'rous fray ;  
 'Till, quite incens'd in am'rous spite,  
 She shew'd her teeth, and vow'd she'd bite.

' But see, ' I cry'd, ' the sun's beams darting  
 ' Across the quiv'ring spray ;  
 They paint thy lip, and tinge thy dimples,  
 With purest, sweetest ray :  
 O'er ev'ry charm his glories beam,  
 As when he gilds the placid stream.'

She smil'd—her bosom gently flutter'd,  
 And heav'd a stifled sigh :  
 I stole a kiss and swore to love her,  
 She blush'd in kind reply :  
 And when I break my plighted vow,  
 The conscious stream shall cease to flow.'

---

SONG.

S O N G.

LIE STILL MY TREMBLING HEART.

*Sung in Joan of Arc.*

**T**REMBLING with over anxious fear,  
View thy faithful Edwin near,  
A tried though humble friend ;  
Yon winding steps to freedom lead,  
Kind Providence presents the need,  
Ascend, fond pair, ascend.

Lie still, lie still, my trembling heart,  
Fain would I from my cell depart,  
'Tis Edwin does invite :  
But, ah ! look round, perhaps you'll spy  
Some watchful centinel anigh,  
To stop our eager flight.

The castle I've explor'd with care,  
Nor guard, nor centinel is near,  
No longer then contend :  
Hush'd as the wooing breeze of night,  
Kind Providence will guard our flight,  
Ascend, fond pair, ascend.

---

S O N G.

AH, TOUCH AGAIN THAT PLAINTIVE STRAIN.

*Sung by Master Weiss.*

AH, touch again that plaintive strain,  
The gently soothing notes impart;  
A seeming solace to my pain,  
Yet, while they ravish, pierce the heart.  
Touch it again, too well I know  
The soft, seducing, dangerous sound,  
Which, while its measures sweetly flow,  
Pours balmy poison in my wound.

'Twas ye, enchanting notes, that stole,  
Through false but lovely Delia's breath;  
The joy and freedom of my soul,  
And hid among your raptures Death:  
So the fond fly, impell'd by fate,  
Again the tempting treachery tries,  
And drinking deep the honey'd bait,  
Of sweet intoxication, dies.

---

SONG.



## S O N G. ||

WHERE'S THE HARM OF THAT.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

**T**WAS in the grove the other morn,  
 Beneath a hawthorn tree,  
 I sat, and, grieving, sung forlorn,  
 Ah! who's so sad as me:  
 Was it my fate to be a bride,  
 Two lovers then might chat;  
 'Indeed its truth,' a voice reply'd,  
 'And where's the harm of that?'

Abash'd not knowing what to do,  
 I blushing gaz'd around;  
 But when the cause appear'd in view,  
 How did my heart rebound!  
 'Twas Henry who had lov'd me long,  
 The youth pull'd off his hat:  
 He kiss'd, he press'd, then tun'd his song,  
 And where's the harm of that.

Says he, sweet girl, 'tis now a year,  
 Since we agreed to wed,  
 Come let us then to church, my dear,  
 And be my bride, he said:  
 Indeed he look'd and spoke so kind,  
 And church was by so pat,  
 That faith he took me in the mind,  
 And where's the harm of that?

SONG.

## S O N G.

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

*Sung by Master Welsh.*

## RECITATIVE.

**S**WEET minstrel sound those warbling notes again,  
 And all the springs of tender sorrow move;  
 Whilst I responsive to the tender strain,  
 Indulge the anguish of complaining love,  
 And ling'ring fondly near thy fav'rite tree,  
 Waste the sad hours in harmony with thee.

## A I R.

Sweet nightingale, thy tuneful song,  
 Is soothing to my care,  
 O still the pleasing notes prolong,  
 And charm my heart's despair:  
 And, gentle bird, if near thy bow'r,  
 The blooming Emma rove,  
 Again thy melting cadence pour,  
 And charm the heart to love.

Then say, estrang'd from ev'ry joy,  
 In grief I waste my days;  
 In mournful themes my thoughts employ,  
 And love-inspiring lays:  
 Weak warbler try thy tender art,  
 The scornful maid to move,  
 And teach the notes that sooth my pain,  
 To charm her heart to love.

SONG.

## S O N G. ||

TO PLEASURE LET'S RAISE THE HEART  
CHEERING SONG.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain.*

**T**O pleasure let's raise the heart-cheering song,  
While echo repeats the sweet sound,  
In the prime of our life,  
Whether man, maid, or wife,  
'Tis gay pleasure we hunt through the throng,  
And sweet the reward when tis found:  
When bright pleasure's in view,  
We all briskly pursue,  
Hark forward, hark forward, hark forward, huzza,  
Tantivy, tantivy, tantivy, tantivy,  
Hark forward, hark forward, hark forward, away.

All ages and states will join in the song,  
While echo repeats the sweet sound;  
Some in riches delight,  
Some few love to fight,  
Some the bottle will hunt the night long;  
Some seek her in study profound:  
When bright pleasure's in view, &c.

Then all will delight in the heart-cheering song,  
While echo repeats the sweet sound;  
We diff'rently aim,  
Our plan's still the same,  
While winding our pleasures prolong,  
Contentment by pleasure is cown'd:  
When bright pleasure's in view, &c.

G L E E, ||

GATHER YOUR ROSE BUDS.

**G**ATHER your rose-buds while you may,  
Old time is ever flying,  
And that same flow'r which smiles to day,  
To-morrow will be dying.

That age is best which is the first,  
While youth and blood are warmer,  
Expect not then the last the worst,  
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, nor waste your time,  
But while you're young go marry,  
For having once got past your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

---

G L E E, ||

WITH HORNS AND HOUNDS IN CHORUS.

**W**ITH horns and hounds in chorus,  
Let's usher in the day,  
The sport's exceeding glorious,  
Arise, make no delay:  
Now the stag is rous'd before us,  
Come, come, come, come, come away.

G L E E,||

SOME WIVES ARE GOOD.

**S**OME wives are good and some are bad,  
Methinks you touch us now ;  
And some will make their husband's mad,  
And so will my wife too :  
And thy wife, and thy wife,  
And so all wives will do.

Some women like to breed discord,  
Methinks you touch us now ;  
His wife has always the last word,  
And so has my wife too :  
And thy wife, &c.

Some wives are mild when they've their will,  
Methinks you touch us now ;  
And some will clack clack like a mill,  
And so will my wife too :  
And thy wife, &c.

---

G L E E,||

COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY DEAR.

**C**OME live with me and be my dear,  
And we will revel all the year ;  
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,  
Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.

There shall you have the beauteous pine,  
 The cedar and the spreading vine,  
 And all the woods to be a screen,  
 Lest Phæbus kiss my summer's green.

The seat of your disport shall be,  
 Over some river in a tree,  
 Where silver sands and pebbles sing  
 Eternal ditties to the spring.

---

S O N G. ||

THE BRITISH FAIR WITH THREE TIMES THREE.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

**M**Y jovial friends, with social glee,  
 The bottle now we'll pass;  
 Each bosom charg'd with loyalty,  
 With good old Fort each glass:  
 The bumpers fill'd the toast shall be,  
 The British fair with three times three.

While Britain's sons, with martial fire,  
 And patriot ardor glow,  
 While they to war-like deeds aspire,  
 And pant to meet the foe;  
 To British arms, by land and sea,  
 We'll drink success with three times three.

The lovely nymphs of Albion's isle,  
 With pleasure then we'll toast,  
 And beauty's fascinating smile  
 Shall be each Briton's boast;  
 The bumpers fill'd, the toast shall be,  
 The British fair, with three times three.

SONG .

S O N G. ||

FAL LAL LA.

*Sung by Mrs. Bland.*

'TWAS on a summer's early dawn,  
Fal lal la, lal lal lal lal lal la,  
Blythe tripping o'er the verdant lawn,  
Fal lal la, lal lal lal lal lal la,  
A rustic shepherd hap'd to stray,  
Who met a maiden on his way,  
And thus he breath'd his am'rous lay,  
Fal lal la, lal lal lal lal lal la.

For thee, sweet maid, within my bow'r,  
Fal lal la, &c.  
I'll bind thy crook with many a flow'r,  
Fal lal la, &c.  
With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,  
Or violet of sky-woven vest,  
Besides I'll bring the linet's nest,  
Fal lal la, &c.

'O stranger cease,' she blushing said,  
Fal lal la, &c.  
And, swift, away like Daphne fled,  
Fal lal la, &c.  
But Daphne's flight was not delay'd,  
For soon he caught the blooming maid,  
And press'd her, while she modest said,  
Fal lal la, &c.



Where two congenial hearts unite,  
Fal lal la, &c.

O love how sweet is thy delight !  
Fal lal la, &c.

So, gentle shepherd, take my heart,  
And with it act a gen'rous part,  
For true love owns no subtle art,  
Fal lal la, &c.

## S O N G, ||

### THE CALEDONIAN LADDY.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

**B**LITHE Sandy is a bonny boy,  
And always is a wooing ;  
Nor is he e'er too bold or coy,  
Altho' he is so looing :  
Last night he press'd me to his breast,  
And vow'd he'd ask my daddy O,  
O dear—to wed me, he confess'd,  
The Caledonian laddie O :  
My bonny, bonny, bonny, bonny Highland boy,  
My Caledonian laddie O.

The maidens try, both far and near,  
To gain young Sandy over ;  
But all their arts I dinna fear,  
He winna prove a rover :  
For sure he told me frank and free,  
Unknown to mam or daddy O,  
He'd marry none, ah ! no, but me,  
The Caledonian laddie O.  
M, bonny, &c.



The other day, from Dundee fair,  
 He brought me home a bonnet,  
 A cap and ribbons for my hair,  
 But, mark what soon came on it :  
 As late at kirk we somehow stood,  
 In spite of mam or daddy O,  
 He marry'd me, do all I could,  
 The Caledonian laddie O.  
 My bonny, &c.

---

S O N G. ||

THE MODEL.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum:*

**M**Y friend is the man I copy thro life,  
 He harbours no envy, he causes no strife,  
 No murmurs escape him, tho' fortune bears hard,  
 Content is his portion, and peace his reward :  
     Still happy in his station,  
     He minds his occupation,  
     Nor heeds the snares,  
     Nor knows the cares,  
 Which vice and folly bring ;  
     Daily working wearily,  
     Nightly singing cheerily,  
 Dear to him his wife, his home, his country and his  
     king.

His heart is enlarg'd, tho' his income is scant,  
 He lessens his little for other's that want;  
 Tho' his children dear claims on his industry press,  
 He has something to spare for the child of distress:

He seeks no idle squabble,  
 He joins no thoughtless rabble,  
 To clear his way  
 From day to day,

His honest views extend;  
 When he speaks 'tis verily,  
 When he smiles 'tis merrily,

Dear to him his sport, his toil, his honor and his  
 friend.

How charming to find in this humble retreat,  
 That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great,  
 The wife only anxious her kindness to prove,  
 The playful endearments of infantine love:

Relaxing from his labours,  
 Amid his welcome neighbours,  
 With plain regale  
 With jest and tale,

The happy hero see;  
 No vain schemes confounding him,  
 All his joys surrounding him,

Dear he holds his native land, its laws, and liberty.

---

### S O N G. ||

LO, MY HENRY IS NO MORE.

OFF' I've tripp'd along the mead,  
 Dancing to the outen reed;  
 Oft' have wander'd thro' the grove,  
 Chanting artless strains of love:

But,

'But, ah! the moments of delight,  
 From me, alas! have wing'd their flight,  
 And all the joys of life are o'er,  
 For lo! my Henry is no more.

On the plains my flocks I leave,  
 While in solitude I grieve,  
 Where each gale that passes by,  
 From my bosom takes a sigh:  
 And where the streamlets as they flow,  
 Are soften'd by the tears of woe;  
 And here my fate I'll still deplore,  
 For, lo! my Henry is no more.

---

S O N G. ||

THE DANCE NANNETTE.

**A**LL in a shelter'd rural vale,  
 When eve enjoyment brings,  
 And each tells the merry tale,  
 Or trips the green, or sings:  
 Sweet fairy fascination reigns,  
 In Nannett's form and air;  
 The admiration of the swains,  
 And envy of the fair.

By chance as o'er these magic plains,  
 A trav'ller bent his way,  
 His heart beat concord to the strains,  
 He pas'd, he wish'd to stay;

When from a neighbouring moss-clad seat,  
 Sweet Nannette made advance,  
 And press'd the youth with smile and feat,  
 To join the mazy dance.

Her chesnut tresses bade him tie,  
 Now waving o'er her brow;  
 While vive le joice gleams in her eye,  
 Her lips the same avow:  
 Such frankness, mirth, and such a form,  
 E'en adamant might move;  
 The youth to worth and beauty warm,  
 But sigh'd and own'd his love.

---

S O N G. ||

GO, PEARLY TEAR.

*Sung by Mrs. Franklin.*

GO, pearly tear, flow down the stream,  
 And mingle with the briny flood;  
 Go enter Neptune's court supreme,  
 And bend before the wat'ry god:  
 Love shall its potent aid impart,  
 And tell thee when and what to speak;  
 Shall teach thee how to gain his heart,  
 And how to smoothe his furrow'd cheek:  
 Whene'er his frowns disturb the main,  
 With sighs his gentle pity move;  
 Oh! then each angry look restrain,  
 And bid him spare the youth I love.

Go,

Go, tender sigh, to yon clear spring,  
 And woo some playful zephyr there,  
 To take thee on his rosy wing,  
 And bear thee to the god of war;  
 To him unfold the tale of woe,  
 And softly whisper in his ear,  
 The source from whence my sorrows flow,  
 He'll surely listen to my pray'r:  
 When Britain's sons the fight sustain,  
 With tears his gentle pity move;  
 And when his thunders shake the main,  
 Oh! bid him spare the youth I love.

Go, gentle sigh, and pearly tear,  
 (When ye perceive the battle o'er)  
 Assist the winds and waves to bear  
 My faithful William safe to shore;  
 When fame shall round his manly brow,  
 The laurel wreath of conquest bind;  
 The tear fresh lustre shall bestow,  
 The sigh shall wave it in the wind:  
 Then Hymen shall our hands unite,  
 And ev'ry tender wish approve,  
 Shall fill each breast with soft delight,  
 And bless me with the youth I love.

---

THE VILLAGE BOY.

**M**ORN shook her locks, the budding rose,  
 Smil'd at the dart which pass'd away,  
 In renovated beauty blows,  
 And sheds her perfume o'er the day,

When

When Lubin, nature's rustic child,  
 Tried calm contentment to enjoy,  
 And sweetly thus, in wood-notes wild,  
 Would cheerful sing the village boy.

Since Sylvia's kind how blest my days,  
 No other bliss I'd wish to know ;  
 The graces ever mark her way,  
 In her all gentle virtues glow :  
 The slaves of fortune let me shun,  
 My humble cottage to enjoy,  
 When toil and labour's o'er and done—  
 Thus cheerful sung the village boy.

Returning at mild evening's hour,  
 Perhaps my Sylvia I may meet ;  
 For her I'll cull the sweetest flow'rs,  
 And strew them at my fair one's feet ;  
 Then drooping, as they fade away,  
 'Twill shew how time all things destroy ;  
 Since beauty's like a flow'r in May—  
 Thus cheerful sung the village boy.

---

## S O N G. ||

### THE ECHO SONG.

*Sung by Miss Milne and Master Shepherd.*

**E**CHO, tell me, while I wander,  
 O'er this fairy plain to prove him,  
 If my shepherd still grows fonder,  
 Ought I in return to love him.

If

If he loves, as is the fashion,  
 Should I churlishly forsake him?  
 Or, in pity to his passion,  
 Fondly to my bosom take him.  
 Echo—Take him, take him.

Thy advice then I'll adhere to,  
 Since in cupid's chains I've led him;  
 And with Henry shall not fear to  
 Marry, if you answer, wed him:  
 Echo—Wed him, wed him.

---

S O N G. ||

POOR ANNETTE THE SAVOYARD.

*Sung by Miss Milne.*

**I**N frolic dance and mirthful glee,  
 How sweet escap'd each passing day;  
 In Savoy's plains when blest and free,  
 The tyrant, France, was far away:  
 Yet, tho' an exile, I must roam,  
 Yet feel I here no dread alarm;  
 Since England still affords a home,  
 To shelter poor Annette from harm;  
 Poor Annette the Savoyard.

Now, since my native plain's despoil'd,  
 By cruel Galia torn away,  
 The merry dance, and wood notes wild,  
 No more are heard at close of day:  
 Yet, tho' no joys at home are found,  
 No sweet content our grief's to charm,  
 Yet still a home an exile gains,  
 And Britain screens Annette from harm.  
 Poor Annette, the Savoyard.

SONG.

## S O N G. ||

I SIGH FOR THE GIRL I ADORE.

*Sung by Master Phelps.*

**W**HEN faries trip round the gay green,  
 And all nature seems sunk into rest,  
 Tho' vallies I wander unseen,  
 My heart with sad sorrow oppress;  
 Then oft' by the murmuring streams,  
 Fair Eleanor's loss I deplore,  
 As alone by the moon's silver beams,  
 I sigh for the girl I adore.

When my flocks wander o'er the wide plain,  
 To some thicket of woodbine I rove,  
 There I pensively tune some soft strain,  
 Or sing forth the praise of my love:  
 Where does my fair Eleanor stray?  
 Must I ne'er see the nymph any more?  
 Thus distracted I mourn the long day,  
 And sigh for the girl I adore.

When first I beheld the sweet maid,  
 By moonlight, alone in the vale,  
 Far, far from the village we stray'd,  
 Where I tenderly told the soft tale:  
 How long must I wander forlorn?  
 Ah! when will my sorrows be o'er?  
 Such grief it can never be born—  
 I sigh for the girl I adore.

SONG.



TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

---

GRATITUDE to our friends, and generosity to our enemies.

May the poor merit esteem, and the rich veneration.

May the volume of beauty never be stained by contaminated fingers.

May beauty never be stitched in sheets till properly bound.

May the cheerful heart never want an agreeable companion.

May British virtue shine when every other light is out.

May the honey of rectitude sweeten the bitterness of sorrow.

May the heart never covet what the hand has no right to.

May the smiles of the fair reward the efforts of the brave.

May virtue in distress always meet a liberal protector.

May fortune fill the lap where charity guides the hand.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

May fortune resemble the bottle and bowl—and stand  
by the man who cannot stand by himself.

When wine enlivens the heart, let friendship surround  
the bottle.

May we never, by overleaping the bounds of prudence,  
trespass upon the bosom of friendship.

May the bud of affection be ripened by the sunshine  
of sincerity.

When honor is to be decided by the sword, may it  
never find the way to the heart.

May he who has spirit to resent a wrong, have a heart  
to forgive it.

The King who is the father of his people and the  
master of himself, and that minister, who is the  
servant of his King and the guardian of the peo-  
ple's rights.

The gift of the gods — a handsome wife, a steady  
friend, and sound claret.

May the wings of love never receive a moulting thro'  
the means of a severe reprimand.

In the choice of professions may that of friendship be  
the surest of success.

What vice gains by traffic, may she lose on her voy-  
age home.

May industry be always rewarded as the favorite of  
fortune.

Improvement to our arts, and invention to our artists.

May Neptune ever acknowledge Britain's King as his Sovereign.

Inefficacy to the projects of those who would hurt us or our country.

Instability to the counsels of Britain's enemies, foreign and domestic.

Love, in every state, untainted by licentiousness.

Labour's true reward to every Briton—content and plenty.

May the lovers of the fair sex never want means to support and spirit to defend them.

Modesty in our discourses, moderation in our wishes, and mutability in our affections.

May our wants be sown in so fruitful a soil as to produce immediate relief.

May the tear of misery be dried by the hand of commiseration.

May the sword of sorrow never wound the heart of sensibility.

May British chastity ever keep pace with British beauty.

May our commodities of all kinds be fairly and honorably entered.

May our love of the glass never make us forget decency.

May the mind never feel the decay of the body.

May the eye that drops for the misfortune of others  
never shed a tear for its own.

May liberty never degenerate into licentiousness.

All we wish and all we want.

Beauty without affectation, and merit without conceit.

Innocence to the rising generation—and may a good conscience be the companion of their lives.

May a Roman virtue be encircled with a courtier's ease.

May a joke never be forestalled with a laugh.

May opinion never float on the waves of ignorance.

May the miser's fear anticipate disgrace.

May our husbandmen, seamen, and industrious mechanics, never want a harvest to their labours nor peace to enjoy it.

May the prize of wisdom find many candidates.

The hand that gives and the heart that forgives.

May the coward never wear a red coat, nor the hypocrite a black one.

May health paint the cheek and sincerity the heart.

The sweets of sensibility without the bitters.

The pleasures of imagination realized.

Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.

Honor's best employment—the protection of innocence.

May the voyage of life end in the haven of happiness.

May the duties of social life never give way to selfishness.

Religion without superstition, and remorse without despair.

Reason in our actions, religion in our thoughts, and reflection in our expressions.

The unity of hearts in the union of hands.

Success without a check to British arms.

Serenity to every breast that beats with philanthropy

The gate of life—and may it never be shut against the honest.

The lovers of virtue in the arms of beauty.

Society's surest cement—temperance and modesty.

The staff of life in the mouth of nature.

The fruit of good deeds to the winter of our lives.

The man we prize and the maid we love.

The sunshine of plenty to the retreat of goodness.

Valour without cruelty, and virtue without hypocrisy

Vigilance without inquietude, and virginity without a stain.

Wit without virulence, wine without excess, and wisdom without affectation.

Warmth to every heart in a good cause.

Youth without violence, and old age without virulence.

Prosperity to the liberty of the press.

Plenty to the heart expanded by generosity.

May the examples of evil produce good, and reward effect that reformation to which punishment has been ineffectual.

May reason be enthroned a supreme monarch, and our passions subject to his laws.

Cupid's magic ring on the middle finger.

The Englishman's triumvirate — love, wine, and liberty.

When anger clouds the brow may forgiveness rule in the heart.

May the moments of mirth be regulated by the dial of reason.

May the heart that aches at the sight of sorrow always be blest with the means to relieve it.

May the friends of distress never know want or sorrow

May the wreath of victory ever flourish on the brow of liberty.

May the friends of liberty never want the comforts of life.

May the presence of the fair curb the wish of the licentious

May we look forward with pleasure, and back without remorse.

May all civil distinctions among men be founded on public utility.

May neither precedent nor antiquity be a sanction to errors pernicious to mankind.

Abfalom's end to the fomenters of public mischief.

Cork to the heels, cash to the pockets, courage to the hearts, and concord to the heads, of all the friends of Old England.

May our wants never proceed from negligences of our own creation.

When love attacks the heart may honor be the proposer of a truce.

• May the civil power never interpose between the conscience of man and his Maker.

May Britons be as averse to invading the rights of others, as zealous in maintaining their own.

May the morality of individuals prove the policy of nations.

Community of goods, unity of hearts, nobility of sentiments, and truth of feelings, to the real lovers of the fair sex.

Envy in an air-pump without a passage to breathe through.

Goodness in our thoughts, gentleness in our words, and generosity in our actions.

Honor in our breasts and humanity in our hands.

Hope and happiness in every state of life.



May the secrets of beauty never be penetrated by lascivious curiosity.

May the friendly bosom never want a friend.

May friendship smile on our cups, and content on our minds.

May the union of persons be always founded on that of hearts.

May the work of our nights never fear the day light.

May the intercourse of love never give occasion for the doctor.

May the morning of our lives entitle us to a calm evening.

May our virtue be healthy without the physic of calamity.

May we never hurt our neighbour's peace by a desire of appearing witty.

May prosperity never make us arrogant, or adversity mean.

May we live to learn, and learn to live.

May the love of life never induce us to do a base action.

May poverty never be looked on with contempt, nor wealth as a mark of merit.

May hope never elude our grasp, nor fear appal our imagination.

May religion and politics flow from upright and liberal principles.

F I N I S.





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